

ENGLISH REVIEW

11
1930

FEBRUARY, 1930

Complete — Periodical Literature and Periodical Abstracts
— January 1930 — February 1930

Current Contents

Wine from Paris

A Word on the Moral Controversy

Unemployment and Economic Laws

Love May and the Medusa

Great State Government

Science and Art

The Acceptance of the Mercantile Method

by Frederick C. J. Brown, C.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S.

The Last Phase of the History of the English

The Way to the Sea

Parables: A Contemporary Poem

The Significance of Italian Art

Some Recent French Literature

Pages: 1-100

"Saye's Great History"

STORIES: 1-100

Index of Literature: 1-100

Index of Literature: 1-100

Index of Literature: 1-100

Index of Literature: 1-100

Index of Literature: 1-100

Index of Literature: 1-100

Index of Literature: 1-100

Index of Literature: 1-100

Index of Literature: 1-100

Index of Literature: 1-100

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1930

Correspondence

Proportional Representation and Practical Difficulties

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In your December issue Mr. Colnett Wright has explained with admirable clarity the purpose and principles of proportional representation, though his article takes no account of the inevitable reaction of "Party Organization" to any system of multiple-member constituencies. Surely it would bring about some form of party ticket voting. In the five-member constituency each party would have its list of five candidates arranged in order, and the voter would simply, as in the U.S.A., endorse the party ticket, losing even that small measure of independent choice still left to the local electorate.

But, as you say, the real question goes deeper. You suggest that representative government on a geographical basis is an anomaly to-day. Should we not probe deeper still? To abandon geographical for communal representation would but transfer government to groups of class delegates with narrow views and strong antipathies. The evils of communal representation may be studied to-day on a small scale in India. It may be inevitable there because of the bitter antagonisms of caste and creed, but anyone who lives in rural England must realize that the old local solidarity is still vigorous, still normally overtops the rank growths of class prejudice. The country needs most to get free of party and class organization and revert to the true democratic ideal of a free local representative. More than ever is this necessary now that the business of government has grown so complex. The average voter cannot solve the abstruse problems of finance, economics, foreign relations; it is doubtful whether many appreciate the essential differences of the several parties on these subjects. He may think he knows how certain actions will affect him and his fellows in the immediate future, but the great questions of free trade, nationalization, disarmament, the gold standard, which divide the parties and on which experts honestly differ, are beyond the competence of the ordinary layman. It would be absurd, were the sham not so obvious, to ask him to decide on these at election time. All that the elector should be expected to do is choose the representative whom he prefers, believing him to be a man of understanding and high principle who, knowing the

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circumstances and needs of his constituency, will on every issue give his vote accordingly, provided that course is consistent with the safety, honour, and welfare of the nation as a whole. In the House every Member should be free to vote according to his conscience, untrammelled by any mandate or by obligation to party, though the wise man will support the government of the day when he can do so conscientiously, and when in doubt will follow the principle of no change. So may the people of England obtain sound democratic government. The alternatives may be studied in Italy or the U.S.S.R.

Yours, etc.,

J. E. WEBSTER.

Springfield, Minchinhampton.

Safeguarding

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I notice with pleasure that, when Parliament met again to-day, questions about the Government's intention in respect to safeguarding at once began. Mr. Graham replied that "the policy of the Government was to approach the matter by way of international discussion, and they would take every opportunity to promote international agreement." When will these opportunities occur? was the natural further query, and a vague reply followed that "No human

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

being could suggest any period during which negotiations might be necessary."

They are necessary at once, if English industries are to survive. I hope these questions will be repeated day by day until the Government are forced to take some definite action, for then we shall know that Conservatives are not chiefly distinguished by their slackness. There are signs that the hard-shell Free Trader is beginning to see the practical absurdity of his doctrines, and the ordinary, intelligent reader comes in the course of his or her daily purchases across abundant evidence of the advance of foreign stuff at the expense of British. Some of the reasons for this peaceful penetration are well known. The foreigner works harder than our working men and lives on less. Then our trade unions deliberately set themselves against hard work, their principal and futile endeavour being to raise wages, since, when they have got them on the higher scale, they cannot buy more with them. How long will it take the British workman to grasp the real facts? What can be hoped of a set of officials who, after agreeing to a conference between Capital and Labour, have done their best to make it come to nothing?

When Mr. Graham gets to his international conferences, he might be able to discover why British goods do not sell as they should and British firms are continually being beaten out of the market. A few comparative facts and figures might be quite enlightening, but enlightenment of the sort is the last thing probably that the present Government desires. So ask questions in the House; ask daily; practise the unsleeping pertinacity of the Fourth Party, which made such an impression when Lord Balfour was young. I should be glad to have details of safeguarding and its results on particular industries at home, as well as reasons why Czechoslovakia, a new State invented after the war, is already able to cut out the English market and supply my lamp-chimneys.

Handbooks of economics are now being newly introduced into schools, and I wonder how the teacher explains the indifference of the professors of that dismal science to the facts of life here and now. But perhaps the books and the teachers show a severe contempt for actualities, or get lost in conflicting doctrines. Certainly it will need an up-to-date professor to explain and justify the dole.

I do not present my views as typical of Conservative thought or policy, for I don't know at present what that policy is. I only know that, if things go on—or rather stagnate, as they do now—I may not be much longer a

CONSERVATIVE VOTER.

Kensington. Jan. 21.

Ravaging the Countryside

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I was very glad to see the article of Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis protesting against the horrid things which an age of material success has forced on our sight, polluting the village green and destroying with reckless facility comely monuments, whether they are trees or houses.

Taste, unfortunately, is a relative matter in which a man contradicts his neighbour, and there is no proof demonstrable to the Philistine that the scene which he tolerates or encourages is an outrage to a more

A MAN IN RAPTURE

Quoted from "My Lady Nicotine," by Sir J. M. Barrie . . .

THEN I sat down beside Gilray, and almost smoked into his eyes. Soon the aroma reached him, and rapture struggled into his face. Slowly his fingers fastened on the pouch. He filled his pipe, without knowing what he was doing, and I handed him a lighted spill. He took perhaps three puffs and then gave me a look of

reverence that I know well. It only comes to a man once in all its glory—the first time he tries the Arcadia Mixture—but it never altogether leaves him.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

cultivated eye. The leaven of artists who object to these things works but slowly on the English stolidity, and beauty is disappearing every day. What is wanted is a change of heart and intelligence among the English people. I never saw anything more hopeless than a load of tourists deposited out of their charabanc in a spot teeming with natural beauty for those who can see it. They see nothing with an understanding eye. All of them have gone through the education available now for more than fifty years, and we may well ask, what have they got out of it? Is any attention paid to architecture in our schools, ranging from Eton to the poorest? What has become of all the courses in "Nature Study"? Do they leave no permanent impression of interest in natural history? The ignorance of the average man and woman concerning the natural charm of the country in which they live is appalling and affords the most severe possible comment on the futility of education as given to-day.

It is not natural history alone that makes no permanent impression on the minds to which it is offered. History of any kind seems a rare acquisition, when school days are any distance away, and the historic sense which makes things venerable is simply missing to-day. I do not speak at random, as I have often tried to evoke it.

Why is education so futile? I suspect that so many subjects are taught (or supposed to be taught) that none is thoroughly mastered. Anyhow, something is very wrong, and we cannot even retain our position as a good nation of shop-keepers.

Yours, etc.,
W. H. J.

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FEBRUARY, 1930

Current Comments

STUDENTS of politics would do well in 1930 to study the career of George Canning, who, as Foreign Secretary from 1823 to 1827, under the passive premiership of Lord Liverpool, was responsible for the foreign policy of this country in circumstances resembling with extraordinary exactness those of this decade. To Canning, as to his successor to-day, fell the task of liquidating the continental commitments which were inherited from a great European war, and of defining our relations with the United States. Substituting France for Germany, the settlement of 1815 found Europe ranged against the defeated power under the banner of the Holy Alliance, consisting of Russia, Austria and Prussia, whose sovereigns pledged themselves, in a manner strangely similar to the Allied Powers who dominated the first Council of the League of Nations, to regulate their foreign policy by the precepts of Christianity and to maintain peace. England, under Castlereagh's guidance, maintained with the Holy Alliance a friendly if informal association, much as Sir Austen Chamberlain was used to do in regard to our late Allies of the War of 1914-1918.

BUT the parallel cuts deeper. The Holy Alliance talked incessantly of peace, and its early years were marked by a plethora of conferences and congresses. Then, as now, while the politicians talked incessantly of their own unrivalled good intentions, sycophantic publicists spoke in terms of pious gravity of the value of "personal contacts." But, strangely enough, while all these

George
Canning : A
Parallel

The
Conference
Mania

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

conferences and diplomatic exchanges proceeded with no more interruption than the travelling facilities of those days provided, Europe and the New World alike were disturbed from end to end by ceaseless conflicts. These conflicts are written about too often as the stern risings of awakening democracy against the dynastic and authoritarian character of the settlements of 1814 and 1815. Nothing is further from the essential truth. They were nothing more complex than the natural reaction of self-reliant and intelligent nations against the meddlesome interference of cosmopolitan doctrinaires.

THE real fact about the Holy Alliance was that it represented an attempt by a group of statesmen, neither

The Vanity of Elder Statesmen: more nor less than ordinarily inefficient, to sanctify their own political philosophy into a dogma and to enforce it on Europe.

A Tale Twice Told They were prompted to this audacious folly by the weakness and the desire for peace

at all costs which they saw in the Europe of 1815 and by their natural but vain conviction that some objective merit must surely attach to the political system which had proved victorious in so great a struggle. Their efforts to stabilize the *status quo* and to consecrate the monarchical formula were futile, not because the different post-war settlements were particularly bad or the monarchical system particularly inefficient, but because new-born generations will never be dictated to by elderly doctrinaires and events will not wait on formulæ. Nations demand government just as plants demand sunshine and rain, and the Holy Alliance failed to govern.

WHAT was Canning's solution and what lesson does it hold for these times? Canning saw that the whole

Canning's Solution imposing façade of the Holy Alliance would crumble before one strong expression of the national will. He saw further, because he

saw the reason why. No single formula can solve the problems of all nations which have their roots in wide differences of character, history and tradition. In politics the realist who can be right always must

CURRENT COMMENTS

always defeat the idealist, who is bound to be wrong half the time, yet runs the risk, in his endeavour to meet all the circumstances of every case, of never being right. Further, Canning realized that, for a government with a real will of its own, participation in international congresses is a hollow sham, while a government without a real will must inevitably play second fiddle. England in 1825 could not afford to play second fiddle in the bankrupt orchestra of Europe. It was in these circumstances that Canning cut adrift from the Holy Alliance, and championed South American independence against the technical assertion of Spanish sovereignty and the practical challenge of the ambitions of the United States.

CANNING'S action in calling the New World to redeem the balance of the Old was a gesture of mere sanity,

The Lesson
for these
Times

an assertion of the paramount need, in a world run mad, for facing facts and scrapping prejudices. He had no more love of republics than we have of dictatorships, but he realized that the difficult and dangerous legacies of popular unrest, economic depression and national jealousies, inherited from thirty years of war, could be liquidated only by cutting adrift from barren formulæ and adapting efficiency as the criterion of policy. Above all and beyond all he realized that no peace or prosperity could come to Europe until each nation for itself faced its own problems in its own way. For this reason he was as eager to prevent the haphazard adoption, parrot-fashion, of English institutions abroad as Mr. MacDonald is eager to insist on it.

TO-DAY we are faced with a situation more perilous than that which faced Canning. The hand of the doctrinaire is heavy over Europe, Africa and

The
Needs of
the Moment.

Asia have caught the infection, and the United States of America, to-day, as in 1825, friendly and pacific in her ultimate intentions, is dismayed at the European chaos and is seeking by every diplomatic means to restrict European influence outside Europe and to gather to herself the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

fruits of our pedantic follies. What are we doing? Instead of governing ourselves we are indulging, like the Holy Alliance, in an orgy of irresolute interference with other people's affairs. "Too quick for thought, for action too refined," we seek in the new sport of "finding a formula" a cure for ills threatening not merely a change in the relative power of different European nations, but a catastrophic decline in the power of each and all. Last month saw what we must hope (though we fear that optimism is rather futile) will be the climax of the conference mania, with the League assembly at Geneva, the Reparations Conference at the Hague, and the Disarmament Conference in London, with, in the background, the great Round Table Conference in India.

To those people to whom the phrase "personal contacts" has a peculiar mystic significance it must be highly gratifying to see the members of the great politicians' trade union rushing here and there across Europe, putting in ten minutes at one committee and a quarter of an hour at another, perorating about peace in half the capitals of Europe, here crippling an industry, here conceding a cruiser, there establishing a bank. To more serious-minded people the spectacle is rather disgusting.

THE grave problems confronting European civilization to-day are unemployment, the breakdown of ordinary ordered existence in China, the unrest in India and throughout the Mohammedan world and the economic paralysis of Russia.

Everywhere
"Finding a
Formula" So long as these things exist, and at the moment they are getting worse, not better, there can be no security, no prosperity and no progress for the people of this country. Much though we dislike conferences, committees and leagues and pacts, futile though they have proved in the past to cure any one of the ills of society, we should wish them all well if beneath all the silly hugaboo of minutes and protocols and commissions and committees there was one single honest and disinterested thought about the realities of the world situation to-day. Unfortunately, there is not.

CURRENT COMMENTS

So far from that being the case, we are all being advised to conceal or to mis-state the real facts in the interests of this or that conference. The facts about the vast expansion of American armaments, about the relative maritime responsibilities of this country and the United States, must not be referred to in plain language for fear of destroying the atmosphere suitable to a naval "settlement." That it is a bad, not a good, settlement which is frustrated by telling the truth is a point not taken. A more glaring instance of the pernicious and, indeed, degrading results of the conference habit comes from India. Lord Russell's speech said what everyone of any party knows to be true. The Press itself admitted as much, yet almost everyone "deplores" it because it will create a bad "atmosphere" for the Round Table Conference. What this means in plain English is that it will make it difficult "to find a formula" because the Indians will be able to guess from Lord Russell's speech precisely what the formula means to us, whereas the only hope of a "settlement" lies in a formula which the Indians imagine to mean one thing and which in our intention will mean something else. All this is not only pretty dishonourable but extremely foolish. Our position in India is due to our capacity for government and our habit of honesty. What worse moment could be chosen for showing to India that we have lost both assets? Above all, what a vile misuse of language to talk of a settlement when we mean a politicians' dodge for putting off the evil day until the other party is in office!

WE make no excuse for referring again to the Indian question, because the Press of all parties shows a painful reluctance to face the facts. Yet the facts are clear. We can govern India or we can abdicate. It is not practical, even if it were honourable or prudent, to abdicate, and therefore we must govern. In so far as representative institutions can be extended with a gain of efficiency, they will and must be extended. If they are extended without regard to efficiency, they will be overthrown. History records no instance of a bad

The Truth
about
India

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

government, whether democratic or tyrannical, which is not overthrown. And it never will. There is thus no question of principle involved. A premature extension of self-government (or rather of that particular kind of government by professional politicians which professional politicians call self-government for the reason, presumably, that it means government by themselves) will be useless, even to the politician. That is all Lord Russell said, and all of it is true.

THE Naval Conference will be dominated by the desire of the United States to come out of it with the strongest

The Naval
Conference

navy in the world (having regard to the relative commitments and responsibilities) and of Italy to come out of it (subject to the same proviso) with a stronger navy than France. We are indifferent to the size of the American navy, but not in the least indifferent to the size of the Continental navies, while the Americans will not willingly allow us a navy which, if they are to achieve numerical parity and effective superiority, will impose on them the need for a larger fleet. Still less is it probable that the solution favoured by Great Britain—a drastic limitation in the size of each type of ship and the abolition of the super-ship—will be accepted by the United States who would thus lose immediately the advantage of their superior economic resources. The truth is that the whole idea of limitation of total tonnages is psychologically unsound. Nation A may well be content at any given time to have a smaller fleet than nation B, but when it comes to pledging itself to a permanent ratio it will not accept a permanent statutory inferiority which can never be remedied without what would be in effect a declaration of war. Limitation of the size of ships is another matter altogether, and provides the real test of the sincerity of the parties to this Conference. Such a test is not untimely.

IN writing this we are not expressing any hostility to the aims of conference. It will be exceedingly pleasant if

The Hopes
of
Just Men

all but one of maritime Powers will pledge themselves in perpetuity to maintain navies very much smaller than are now. We are only saying that we see no reason why they

CURRENT COMMENTS

should, and that if they do, it will, in our judgment, be because they anticipate gaining by tactics, strategy, and alliances, at least an effective equality, and in the case of their immediate rivals an effective superiority. To those who deplore the use of the word "rivals" I can only say that, while things may be deplorable, words never are. "No rivalries, no conferences" is certainly a sound principle. The tragedy is that the alternative proposition "No conferences, no rivalries" is at least a half-truth. Our pacifists have succeeded in bringing into the forefront of world politics at least one issue, that of Franco-Italian parity, which but for their meddling might never have been heard of.

THE one hope of a successful issue of the Conference is that the European Powers and Japan by a resolute and unanimous insistence on a really drastic

**The Need
for
Smaller
Ships** limitation of the tonnage and gun-power of individual ships may be able to appeal from the American delegates to the American people. When all Powers are determined on cheaper navies, the position of a fifth (and incomparably the wealthiest) Power insisting on expensive navies would be invidious. What we have to fear, however, is an attempt at bargaining whereby the United States, conceding a real measure of limitation of size, will insist, as a *quid pro quo*, on a limitation of numbers, which will leave us powerless to defend our trade. That it should be possible to envisage these perilous disputes is a measure of the harm which these conferences do to the interests of peoples. The electoral tactics of politicians are not worth the price. It is not as if there were any chance of genuine gains. Every one knows that the pace in competitive shipbuilding since 1918 has been set by the United States. If, to-day, by virtue of her sincere desire for world peace and amity she is prepared to slacken her pace, there is nothing, even without a conference, to stop her. If she is only prepared to slow down at a price, the price, conference or no conference, will not be forthcoming. That is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's dilemma. His triumph at the best will be an empty one.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

INDIA, nevertheless, is a graver threat to the Government than any other. Here, in a sense, our sympathies are with Mr. MacDonald. The "Dominion A "Political Feather-weight" Status" pronouncement was obviously from the start a disastrous blunder, but the extent to which it has weakened the position of the Government of India proves greater than even the most pessimistic could have foreseen. It has turned the moderates into extremists and the extremists into rebels, while shaking the confidence of all parties in the resolution or ability of the British authorities. Mr. Wedgwood Benn announced a "new spirit" behind our policy. Mr. Gandhi has detected it as quickly as Lord Birkenhead, whose description of the Secretary of State for India as the champion political featherweight provided the only amusing incident in a month of sombre mischances.

THAT Mr. MacDonald will regard his record in India as good enough to justify him in appealing to the country for an effective majority is doubtful, but it is certain that the situation in India—A General Election? whoever was responsible for it—demands a strong majority government in this country. It is common knowledge that the Labour front bench are as well aware of this as anyone else. They have the opportunity, if events do not outrun tactics, of riding for a fall on the Coal Bill or on the Budget, and neither possibility can be ruled out. The chances are, however, that unless they can secure the appearance of a success at the Naval Conference, they will make the best of a bad job and play for Liberal support. This, of course, they will secure for just so long as the political field offers Mr. Lloyd George no attractive election issue.

EGYPT is another chicken likely to come home to roost in the next few months. Having committed us to a new, and weaker, policy under pretence of implementing an old policy, Mr. Henderson is now likely to be forced by his earlier complaisance into treating his firm, final, and maximum offer as a basis for new negotiations. Of further concessions the House of Commons will have nothing, and

CURRENT COMMENTS

so the old game of formula finding will be restarted. So far as Egypt itself is concerned, the matter at this stage is unimportant. Any substantial concession by the Government would lead to its instant defeat, and Mr. Henderson knows it. The repercussion of this fresh process of huckstering and phrase-making elsewhere will, however, be bad.

THE chief change in the political situation since the general election has been the steady decline in the prestige both of the Government and the Conservative Party. The chief surprise has been the failure of the Liberal Party to reap any benefit from a combination of circumstances uniquely favourable to it.

The State of Parties in 1930

Against the opinion of the majority of our contemporaries we do not regard Lord Grey's speech as ill-timed or irrelevant. We can, on the other hand, imagine no debasement of a great party more abject than its state when the personal character and political record of its leader become to it a matter of indifference. When a party touches such an abysmal depth, its capacity for public service is at an end. Unfortunately its capacity for performing a very real disservice is not. Mr. Lloyd George's record in a series of great crises is clear to read. His weak-kneed attitude in July 1914 is now public knowledge. His attitude over the General Strike in 1926 is on record. His attitude over China in 1928 is on record. His lamentable surrender to popular clamour over reparations and "hanging the Kaiser" is on record. His part in the Peace Treaty is on record. His personal story is known. Do we want this man with this record of personal disloyalties and public errors in control of our affairs? Three times since 1922 the British public have returned an emphatic negative to this question. The British public are entitled to change their mind, just as Lord Grey and others are entitled to maintain their point of view. What no one who is not indecently cynical is entitled to say is that Mr. Lloyd George's character is irrelevant. To do so is to strike a deadly blow at the few remaining decencies of public life. The fact is that Mr. Lloyd George's is not a good name

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

to put on a prospectus, and Lord Grey is not a guinea-pig director. *Hinc illae lacrimae.*

THIS is not a digression. On the contrary, we hold the view that the present political situation derives its intricacy and its interest largely from the really astonishing (even if gratifying) lack of confidence which men and women not actively affiliated to any political machine have in Mr. Lloyd George.

The
Importance
of Mr. Lloyd
George

The Liberals are faced to-day with a Socialist Government which is spendthrift and inefficient, and a Conservative Party drifting without a policy in half a dozen directions. Yet their chance of securing recruits from the younger members of either party is derisory and will remain so. Hence Mr. Baldwin's devotion to Walter Scott and Virgil. With such a rival time can be spared to literature. Unfortunately our industrial situation is independent of the vagaries of political leaders and gets worse. The question whether the next Government is Labour or Conservative depends on which party comes forward first with a clear-cut and sane policy for industrial reconstruction. At present the Labourites mumble about Socialism in which they do not believe, and the Conservatives dare not mention Protection in which they do believe. Lord Grey with a policy of retrenchment has no party, and Mr. Lloyd George, with a machine and a nucleus of supporters, has no policy except a watery optimism, a few conventional perorations, and an immensely wasteful expenditure of other people's money.

THE gravest danger to-day is in the present disunion of the Conservative Party and we cannot join with cordiality in the tributes which Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook are paying to each other. With a great deal of what each is advocating we agree, but their policies are not easily harmonized and neither is that of the official Conservative Party. One disastrous result is that there is no single alternative policy before the country which commands any solid body of support.

The Crisis
in the
Conservative
Party

CURRENT COMMENTS

Meanwhile expenditure is piling up, employment, as a natural consequence, is diminishing and the chance of regaining old markets or gaining new ones diminishes every month. The fact is that the attitude of the Rothermere and Beaverbrook Press towards the Tariff question, and of the *Times* and *Telegraph* towards the Opposition shows lack of political realism. The victories of politics are won by ideas, not by programmes. The modern electorate is weary to death of disputes over methods. The only alternative to the present Government is a Government pursuing a different aim; the methods adopted by all parties since 1918 for alleviating distress and increasing trade have failed, not because their methods were wrong, but because their aim has been wrong. They have been trying to relieve unemployment by taxing industry to maintain the unemployed, or by finding work outside normal productive industry, instead of trying to enable productive industry to employ more men. The theory that by the distribution of doles and insurance benefits and the adoption of other methods, such as widows' pensions, for keeping people out of productive employment, you perform a mysterious operation called "increasing the purchasing power of the community," and thus stimulate trade, was possibly sincerely held. Foolish people are usually sincere. But, anyway, it is now exploded, by the dynamite of ten years' hard facts.

THE duty of the Opposition is to rivet public attention on the failure—God knows it is sufficiently clear, sufficiently disastrous—of the policy of direct relief and demand their support for the opposite policy of assisting industry instead of taxing it.

Constructive Protection

Such a policy must carry with it the determination to be bound by no academic theories of Free Trade or Protection. Such a policy demands and will receive from the country a mandate to re-examine the whole position in the light, not of economic theory, but of political facts. Such a policy, however, is stultified by the suggestion made in the most influential quarters, and tacitly endorsed by Mr. Baldwin, that a change of Government is undesirable. If the public get the idea

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

that the object of insular Protection, and of the rival policy of Empire Free Trade, is merely to readjust the burden of taxation while keeping the general direction of our policy unchanged, they will have none of either. If there is to be no drastic change of outlook or method, if our industries are not to be reorganized or the drift out of production effectively stopped, the electors will, as the least of two evils, vote for cheap imports.

WE appeal to all sections of the Conservative Press and Party to realize that they have not only a clear duty but a great opportunity. A clear-cut programme for

**The Function
of Tariffs** the reorganization of industry, for the re-establishment of agriculture, for the unification of the different insurance schemes and their establishment on a firm contributory basis with proportionate benefits (and a guarantee that the fund will not be raided and bankrupted to provide doles for those who have not contributed to it)—here is a coherent policy which will command the support of the electors. With such a policy a Government can ask and will obtain a free hand as to methods. There and there only is the place of tariff legislation in the programme.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

France's Defences.—After a long period of hesitation due to doubts as to finances and political conditions, both at home and abroad, France has now completed the defensive reorganization of her armies and has voted the large credits required for the fortification upon new principles of her eastern and northern frontiers. New appointments of great significance have also been made to the Supreme War Council.

As such measures taken at a time when the whole world is talking of peace and disarmament are liable to lead to a revival of old talk of French militarism, it is perhaps as well to survey the prospect that lies before France and to examine the steps taken to meet the changing conditions of the next few years.

Since the war the period of service with the colours has been reduced from three years to one, so that if war occurs again as it usually does in the favourable summer months, France will have an army, one half of which has nine and the other half only three months' training, which will be called upon to withstand the first shock of an attack and act as cover for the mobilization of reserves in the interior of the country. In the period which opens in 1935, the effect of the war upon the birthrate of France will be reflected in very gravely reduced numbers of available conscripts, and the standing army will not be strong enough to withstand, unaided, the first shock of an invasion.

Fortification.—An intricate system combining many novel and traditional features will be relied upon to give that army the necessary defensive backing, and provision is made for the completion of the works by 1935. By far the greater part of the work to be accomplished lies upon the German frontier and is destined to protect the great metallurgical centre of Briey from falling, as it did in 1914, into German hands immediately after the outbreak of war, and to close the historic road of invasion through Metz and Thionville. There will be concentrated the biggest permanent forts of the scheme, which, linked up with smaller works, will create large centres of resistance, recalling in some ways the features of the Hindenburg

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

line. In other parts of the country, similar areas of defence will be organized with every type of shell-proof and gas-proof accommodation for machine guns and quick-firing artillery. Further sections of the country where the terrain is suitable will be equipped for trench warfare. In addition to these permanent works a number of mobile fortification parks will be installed, equipped with every kind of rapid mechanical transport, machinery and material for the rapid construction of fresh defences as occasion may arise once fighting is in progress.

The building programme on the Belgian frontier is unimportant. Military and political opinion holds that Germany will not lightly again try to hit France through Belgium, and that, even should she do so, time would now be available for French mobilization to be effected before the frontier became threatened. Moreover, thanks to a close study of the agricultural system of irrigation created by a seventeenth-century Governor of French Flanders, and of the defensive uses to which first Vauban and then Sere de Riviere designed to put it, France will be able to shut off by a wall of water any approach of Germany to the Channel ports with none of the delay that marked the flooding of the Yser region during the last war, and with much greater thoroughness.

General Weygand.—French democracy still shows its fear of the traditional general on a charger by refraining from entrusting the command of its armies to any one general during peace-time, and it is only on the outbreak of war that the army officially knows who is its commander-in-chief. He, himself, his colleagues of the Supreme War Council, and a good many other people in the world are, however, usually better informed, and the general public both in France and in Germany has been quick to see that the appointment of General Weygand to be Chief of the General Staff on the Council in all probability carries with it the supreme appointment, if fate wills it that there should be another war in his lifetime. In any case, the strategy of the next war will be moulded by him, and the training of the French army, the plan of fortifications and the plan of mobilization will be adapted to his conceptions of war, which are those of Foch whose right-hand man he was throughout the whole war. In addition

NOTES FROM PARIS

to his fighting qualities, as organizer of the restabilization of the shattered Italian front, as the adviser of the Polish armies during the Bolshevist march on Warsaw, and as High Commissioner of France in Syria, he has gained diplomatic and administrative experience which, in the event of another world war, would be of incalculable advantage to his country. His appointment has aroused a storm of protest in Germany, where he is depicted as being the incarnation of French militarism, the exponent of the policy, not of Locarno but of the left bank of the Rhine.

A Coup d'État?—It is perhaps but natural that his appointment should be little to the taste of Germany but that it should also have stirred the indignation of a large section of French opinion requires some explanation. France is no exception to the rule that republics are apt to distrust their great soldiers and to suspect them of tendencies towards the establishment of personal rule. Those suspicions become violent in France when the general in question is, as Clemenceau said of Weygand, "up to his neck in priests," and possessed of almost sombre will-power and intelligence. The frankly Tory policy of M. Tardieu and his government, the return of that impetuous royalist, M. Léon Daudet, to France, and the changes in the army are all being advanced as evidence of the existence of a plot against the republic. It is, however, known that Weygand's nomination was advocated by the radical freethinking war minister, Painlevé, and the sudden concern of revolutionary socialists and communists for the safety of a republic which they themselves are openly bent upon destroying can only convince fanatics. The great majority of Frenchmen rejoice in the appointment of a man who is admirably equipped to mould the army at a critical moment in its history and to watch over and guide the construction of the country's defences, believing, many of them, that therein, for the time being at least, lies a greater hope of the security of peace than can be expected for many years to come from the transactions of peace conferences and the signature of moral pacts devoid of practical sanctions.

A Word to the Naval Conference

By Poseidon

THE limitation or reduction of navies by agreement has become so whipped a topic that the public cannot be blamed if it turns aside with weariness and disgust from its contemplation and discussion. But notwithstanding this growing sea-sickness at political wrangling over a subject which remains, as always, a matter of life and death to every man, woman and child in this country, it will be little short of a disaster if the nation at large, out of sheer weariness, allow these matters to be mishandled for them by politicians, governed, as they are in these days, by vote-catching and *words* rather than by first principles and realities.

It is characteristic of the topsy-turvy times we live in that the essentially defensive Service with which England is chiefly concerned should be singled out for especial reprobation by "pacifists," but so it is. It is at least arguable that this unceasing discussion of peace is producing just that feeling of irritation and suspicion which it is intended to allay, and that there is a very real risk that any future treaty of limitation or reduction may stereotype or conjure into existence navies that are greater and more costly than would have eventually survived if the coming generation of nations had been free to provide themselves with those fleets, in composition as well as in tonnage and numbers, which they individually judged to be adequate for their various and utterly divergent needs.

The writer, for his part, can conceive no good reason why great maritime nations such as England, France, Italy and Japan should not build whatever vessels they consider they require. Surely the civil power in each country can be trusted to check, if only on grounds of expense, any provision manifestly in excess of reasonable requirements. In the absence of some deliberate megalomaniacal or dictatorial project, such as inspired Napoleon or our late enemies, no European country, as a matter of experience, does in fact maintain a navy out of reasonable proportion to its strictly defensive needs.

A WORD TO THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

Any country that steadily and systematically develops and maintains a fleet demonstrably in excess of even the most liberal interpretation of her defensive necessities is at once suspect, quite naturally, of dictatorial, if not definitely bellicose, intentions, and competition in naval armaments then becomes inevitable and indeed necessary.

By artificially fixing standards of defence, a perfectly peacefully disposed nation is put on its national mettle, so to speak, and it is as certain as anything can be in an uncertain world that the final standard agreed upon, largely for the sake of agreement and the cessation of this dangerous haggling, will be much in excess of the standard that would gradually have adjusted itself amiably on natural and economic grounds.

Though true peace-lovers believe that an early truce to talk on naval armaments would speedily usher in a long period of quietude and good feeling as a substitute for the present exacerbation, in which the word "Peace" remains a word rather than a reality, they fully appreciate that England and America are now unfortunately committed to such an embarrassing extent, on grounds of *amour propre*, as to render some treaty inevitable, if only an extension of the Washington Treaty.

Assuming, therefore, that an agreed limitation on an arbitrary and mechanical basis for a few years is a foregone conclusion, what is the simplest, and therefore the best, system to employ? What choice of systems, in the first place, is open to the contracting nations?

The various alternatives are as follows:—

1. Limitation of the total tonnage of each category of ship with freedom of action as to individual tonnage and armament in each category.

2. Limitation of the total tonnage of each category, with a further limitation on the tonnage and armament of the individual ships of each category.

3. Either 1 or 2 with the addition of a prohibition against the future construction of certain classes of vessels, notably submarines.

4. Limitation by categories as in 1, 2 or 3 with the right of varying one category at the expense of another according to individual national taste.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

5. Limitation of the total tonnage of the navies as a whole and with no regard to categories, but with restrictions on individual tonnages and armaments and with or without a prohibition on the construction of certain classes of vessels, again notably submarines.

6. Limitation of the total tonnage of navies as a whole with complete freedom of action in every particular within the agreed Global Tonnage.

Let us now examine very briefly each of these six possible systems.

1. The objection to this system is that it inevitably crystallizes in existence certain classes of vessels which, under natural circumstances, may well disappear, on grounds of inefficiency or redundancy, from the fleets of all nations. For example, an agreed tonnage of air-craft carriers or submarines is tantamount to assuring that this tonnage will be ordered, much as we order a pound of sugar, irrespective of its relative value in a properly *balanced* fleet.

2. The same criticism holds good as for 1, with the added disadvantage that initiative, professional knowledge and individuality are at once shackled, and the human mind, as expressed in strategy and design, is forcibly turned Robot. If naval officers of all nations are prevented from constructing what they believe to be the best ships for their respective purposes and strategies, the Admiralties of the world will be filled with secret drawings and plans for the rapid construction of something superior to the maximum allowed by treaty. Suspicion will thus thrive as in a hot-house. Furthermore, it will be possible for any nation to render existing fleets obsolete by repudiating the treaty, just as Lord Fisher disastrously scrapped the existing navies of the world, including our own, by the sudden launching of the Dreadnought policy.

3. The same criticisms hold good as for 1 and 2 with the yet further objection that one or two powerful nations are forcing upon other nations maritime policies with which they dissent. Such action seems little short of a hostile act, though cloaked in the sickly verbiage and trappings of peace. The dissenting nations are put in a false position because they are saddled with the

A WORD TO THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

stigma of intentions which in no way inspire their insistence upon the retention of a particular class of vessel in which, *perhaps wrongly*, they place reliance.

If such a nation, for the sake of peace and quiet and a truce to haggling, abandons its attitude, we may be perfectly sure that it will keep its ideas in pickle, so to speak, and in the writer's view quite rightly.

4. This system is a variant on the former three, and while to some extent mitigating the injustice and folly of forcing one nation to forgo the use of a class of vessel in which, rightly or wrongly, it believes, it is tarred with the brush of haggling, and it keeps alive suspicion of the motives of any nation that increases one category at the expense of another.

5. This system has the advantage of simplicity and disarms the majority of the criticisms levelled against the preceding four. It again, however, puts naval thought and initiative into chains in an arbitrary manner, compelling professional men to design and employ ships and weapons inferior to those they could design as free agents, unless, of course, the limit placed upon tonnage and calibre of gun is sufficiently high to enable the ideal weapon (not necessarily the heaviest) to be mounted. But why *force* wisdom on *others*? Surely it is wrong to compel any man to do less than his best with his mind. Here again, if individual tonnages and weapons are fixed too low by treaty, we may be quite sure that plans will be kept in the various Admiralties for the rapid production of superior vessels in case of emergency or the lapse of the treaty.

6. It need hardly be said that the limitation of the total tonnage of navies as a whole, and such tonnage to include every vessel that flies the national ensign, is the system of limitation, if we must have one, favoured by *seamen*. Indeed, such a system seems to be the only one possible or tolerable to professional sailors who regard material as the servant of sound strategy and sea-power rather than as the master.

Apart from a strong protest to the whole principle of compelling maritime countries to adjust their navies to a standard fixed, in fact, by America, and therefore

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

higher than they would have been in the absence of a treaty, the advantages of an agreement based on total tonnage limitation, with perfect freedom within the Global limit, seem to be unmixed with any single disadvantage.

First and foremost we have absolute simplicity, and not only simplicity but elasticity without haggling, because the total tonnage can by agreement be reduced or increased without involving any suspicion or bargaining over details. An agreed reduction all round, or at some future date an increase, will leave *relative* strengths unaffected. Though the relative strengths are fixed by treaty, any country will be at liberty to reduce its fleet below the standard agreed without affecting the treaty, and we need not doubt that fleets will gradually be so reduced by those countries that manifestly do not require so great a fleet as, on grounds of wealth and *amour propre*, they by treaty demand.

Great as are the foregoing advantages, there are yet more important ones.

Seamen of all nations will retain what is essential in any great profession—intellectual freedom. Thus, if any nation is humorously enthusiastic over the value and potency of air-craft carriers, it will be at liberty to construct them of any size and in any number it thinks fit. So with submarines or any other class of vessel. Whatever it elects to construct must, however, be at the cost of other tonnage. Because all ships that fly the national ensign are to be included in the Global tonnage allowed by treaty, it follows that the submarine depôt ships, those serious non-effective additions to any submarine provision, can, of course, be provided only at the sacrifice of fighting ship tonnage. Battleships of 100,000 tons can be launched by any nation sufficiently "Fisherized" to build them. Indeed, such a system of limitation provides a sieve by which naval thought can be winnowed, and is the surest means by which naval officers of all nations can be *compelled*, as is so urgently necessary, to clear their minds on what in reality constitutes sea-power and a fighting fleet. We shall, in fact, cease to halt between the several conflicting opinions of specialist fanatics and the all-round seaman will once again come

A WORD TO THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

into his own, with a vast saving to tax-payers, a great increase in fighting power, and a truce to *war-talk*.

By this method of limitation we perfectly harmonize the relative and absolute aspects of sea-power. Each navy can construct its fleet on what it conceives to be an ideal basis for its special requirements, that is to say on an *absolute* basis. When so constructed within the prescribed limits, the fleets are *relatively* balanced, at least in the opinion of their respective nations, and while retaining what is believed, perhaps erroneously, to be their absolute value, they can be altered in detail without upsetting the supposed relativity of their strength.

A treaty of limitation on these lines might, on purely *material* grounds, be definitely advantageous if the total tonnages allotted to each nation were considerably below those now in existence, and for this reason. It is a matter of common knowledge, at least in the English Navy, that we have in commission many white elephants. If the 1,400,000 tons (odd) of existing naval tonnage were slightly reduced, many ships of questionable value could quietly and unostentatiously disappear without raising discussions and controversies which are better avoided.

In conclusion it may be well to repudiate the materialistic attitude of those ashore and afloat who lay undue stress on the relative worth of navies by counting guns and weighing up the tons with minute care. Courage, professional skill, sound strategical thought and brilliant leadership can still, with less material, rout the materially stronger opponent, provided always that the disparity in material is not fantastic or overwhelming. It is this fact, in the last analysis, which alone justifies a nation in retaining any navy at all, if materially smaller than that of the strongest Powers. The English Navy will surely be wise to remember this, and to keep in mind that great sea-faring population and those matchless ship-building resources that are always at our back in case of emergency. With these facts in view we can envisage what are clearly the baseless and therefore exorbitant claims of America without alarm or undue pother. A few years' truce to this dangerous "peace-talk" will restore the world to a

natural balance of sea-power, where the strength of navies is related to the weaker sea-powers, as so lucidly and unanswerably advocated by Admiral Richmond in his noteworthy contributions to the *Times*.

The maritime nations owe a debt to France which they will some day acknowledge, for France, like Italy and Japan, is armed with *reason* and unbewitched by phrases and words, words, words. Her appreciation of maritime strategical realities is, in general, as sound as her particular taste for torpedo craft and auxiliaries is believed to be mistaken, a view shared by perhaps the greatest French maritime strategist, Admiral Castex.

The writer, for his part, hopes and prays for the ultimate triumph of the French policy, even though it conflicts with the British and American proposals which reflect like a mirror the grossly materialistic conceptions of the late Lord Fisher. His ideas, now come to disastrous fruition in his heirs after twenty-five years of application, are entirely responsible for the present naval crisis. The crisis is indeed professional rather than political and Lord Fisher and aerial "strategists," God help us all, are its patrons.

* * * * *

NOTE.—During the past few days the battleship has become the star piece in the "Movie Show." Its value and nature are now a matter of hot debate in the "Talkies" between flag-officers, lovely stenographers, Air Fans and Society ladies. Even the correspondent from Pimlico obtains a hearing. Our modernist mastodons, lately very properly denounced, are now defended, *mirabile dictu*, as necessary to withstand the awful Nemesis from above, foretold by our Marshals of the Empyrean. Others, including certain Admirals and stenographers, advocate their total abolition.

Mercifully a few seamen, and the *Times*, remain to point out quietly that battleships of moderate tonnage, capable of mounting the ideal gun (again, of moderate calibre) are the key to all effective sea-power, and that, in such battleships, cadets of to-day will serve as the lieutenants of to-morrow.

Unemployment and Economic Laws

By E. J. Broster

THE most absurd and misleading of the fallacies that surround the unemployment problem is found in the term *surplus population*, for it offers itself to the philologist as an example of an incipient modification in the meaning of a common word. It is probably the root of most of the superstitions that have been current, for one is apparently justified in the inference that the unemployed have no right to live. That this so-called surplus population does live is sufficient proof of the absurdity of the term, although the unemployed have nothing to offer in exchange for the food and clothing, the product of the labour of others, by which they survive.

We will assume for a moment that the term is apt—that the labour of the surplus population is not required. If, then, we transported its numbers or killed them out of hand, a further surplus population would rise out of those whose work it was to keep them in the necessities of life.

The futility of this argument is not readily seen until we come up against those fundamental economic laws which decree that the national dividend increases with an increase in the productivity of labour; and that the greater the dividend, the higher the standard of living. It seems probable, therefore, that the fallacy arises out of the old theory of the fixed wages fund, which, although wrong, as I shall show later, appears to support, and be supported by, the idea of a surplus population.

It has been argued that wages in British industry are, as a whole, above an economic level. This is true, but the statement, nevertheless, remains very vague; for what is an economic level? Wages are the price paid for labour. They are the price of labour. Regarding labour as a commodity to be bought and sold in a market, we immediately arrive at its natural price by the law of demand. Unlike a commodity, however, the supply of labour is entirely uncontrollable and varies spontaneously and slowly, regardless of price and demand. Thus the economic level of wages in all grades of labour

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

is found in a price such as will create a demand equal to the supply.

Labour as a factor in production is like a raw material—every variation in its price causes a variation in the same direction in the price of the finished commodity. As wages rise, the cost of production rises. The market price becomes insufficient to meet the cost of production and the supply of commodities is reduced to raise the market price. With this, there is a correspondingly reduced demand for labour. Thus when the laws of supply and demand begin to operate in the case of a commodity, there is a reaction in the case of the labour producing that commodity. We may, then, compare labour with its product, so long as we bear in mind that the supply of labour varies spontaneously and slowly, whilst that of commodities is controllable by human agency.

If the demand for a commodity is equal to its supply, which remains constant, and the price is raised, there would be a surplus. Through the commodity, the same law applies to labour. If its price rises, the demand for it falls, causing a surplus, since its supply is fixed. But in neither case is the surplus real, since only an artificial factor, an inflated price, deters the potential customer from buying—the demand exists at a lower price. Unsold labour, like unsold commodities, is therefore, the result of its high price, which manifests itself in wages that stand above an economic level.

Let us imagine for a moment that a business man holds the monopoly of the sale of labour in a country. The country is the market in which he wishes to sell his labour, the supply of which is constant and beyond his control. He grades it and sets prices, which vary in accordance with the quality of the labour and the conditions of employment. There is a small demand. He lowers the prices and the demand increases, but even now his supply is far in excess. By further reductions in the prices he gradually creates a demand equal to the supply. He thus sells the whole of his labour and none is wasted, the total supply being engaged directly or indirectly in production.

Unfortunately, such a business man does not exist but we find a substitute in the trade unions, which do

UNEMPLOYMENT AND ECONOMIC LAWS

not consider how much labour they can sell, but the highest possible price they can obtain for no matter how small a quantity of it. This, it may be argued, is an exaggeration, since only a part of the total labour of the country is under the control of trade unions. I will return to that later. As it is, in those industries where trade unionism is rife, a man's labour is sold at a minimum price whether it is his will or not. This minimum stands, on the average, at so great a height, that the demand is considerably lower than the supply. Those labourers fortunate enough to find a market for their labour thus receive an inflated price for it, and accept it careless of the fact that, by so doing, they are keeping others out of employment. They themselves, fortunate as they may be, are not altogether safe; for they are supported by a labour-ridden level of wages, which, as it rises, lessens the demand, and the number of labourers whom it is able to support is reduced by each upward move.

Apart from the selfishness prompted by trade unionism, economic laws are totally disregarded; for the dividend of the nation and the standard of living depend on the productivity of its labour—not on the wages received by a limited number of labourers. The varying strength of the trade unions with their total absence in certain employments is one of the weaknesses of the whole system; it creates an unequal distribution of wealth, which is essentially opposed to the spirit of trade unionism; and the so-called surplus population with neither employment nor a trade union are left prostrate, the scapegoats of a system which, they believe, is their only salvation, their only hope of ever earning a living wage.

Since the demand for labour is decided by the price of labour, a certain number of employees are required by industry at a certain price—the lower the price, the greater the number of employees. A great part of English industry has the price of its labour fixed at a minimum by trade union intervention. This part of industry, therefore, is capable of absorbing only a limited quantity of labour. The field of employment left unrestricted is small in comparison to the number of workmen available, since the latter is augmented by the

unemployment created in the restricted field. And the wages of those workmen available are decided by the laws of supply and demand, the minimum wage being based on the unemployment benefits obtainable.

To make my point clearer, I will again resort to a parallel in the sale of an ordinary commodity. Let us suppose for a moment that by an error of judgment the poultry farmers demand a price for their eggs in a market town in excess of the real market price which is decided by the laws of supply and demand. They are asking, say, 3d. each. An hour before the market closes only three quarters of the total number of eggs are sold and an adjustment in price, to 2½d. each, is made to encourage buyers. The demand increases, but not sufficiently to take the whole of the remaining eggs during the hour. Further reductions are made, until, a few minutes before the closing of the market, eggs are selling at 1½d. each although others no better than these were selling at 3d. each an hour before. So it is with labour. Those eggs sold at the inflated price of 3d. each may be compared to the labour employed in industries in which wages are above an economic level; those at 2½d., which we will call the real market price, may be compared to the labour whose wages are on an economic level; and the remainder of the eggs sold, to the labour in those industries where trade unionism is weak or entirely absent; whilst those eggs left unsold at the close of the market may be compared to the unemployed. That is, both eggs and labour are left unsold because other eggs and labour have been sold at an excessive price.

If it were possible, by some means, to merge the whole of the unemployed into industry at any price, the result would be an increase in production. To meet this, prices would fall to create a demand equal to the supply. But wages are already at a legal minimum, so that the otherwise unemployed, having no legal minimum to their wages, would be compelled to bear the brunt of the enforced reduction in cost, unless they were permitted to displace the labourers whose wages have a minimum. But this the trade unions strictly forbid, since they represent the latter and protect themselves in protecting the so-called rights of their members. Under present conditions, then, the unemployed cannot

UNEMPLOYMENT AND ECONOMIC LAWS

be merged into industry at any price. Indeed, if it came to pass, economic freedom would once again restore the unemployed to their place in industry.

A general rise in wages, acting through the resultant increased price of commodities, raises the cost of living, and the labourer finds that he is in reality no wealthier than when his wages were lower. This appears to bring him to the old level, but, in truth, he makes his labour unsafe, for high prices in a country encourage the dumping of foreign goods in its markets. Thus, owing to the high wages prevailing at the present time, England has not only lost numerous foreign markets, but also her home markets, by making herself a dumping ground for cheap foreign goods. The labourer reckons his wages in money, and purchasing power is wholly disregarded, until at last he discovers that the inexplicable rise in the prices of certain commodities is permanent and that the prices of all other commodities are rising to compare with them. The rise in wages in his trade gave him an advantage for but a short time; and this advantage was at the cost of the community in general, whose wages have not been raised, but who have been forced to pay a higher price for a certain commodity.

The labourer's efforts to raise his nominal wage appear to, and do indeed, react on its real value, which is comparatively reduced. As I have said, he may benefit for a time, if the rise in his wages takes place early and causes, and is not the result of, a rise in other industries. And he may benefit more or less greatly, so far as time is concerned, as the fixed capital in his trade is great or small in comparison to the capital vested in labour. The labourer may go on fighting for higher nominal wages, but he has no control over the real wages. The cost of living decides that.

But the cost of living is only one factor bearing on wages—and a factor which operates only by force of trade unionism. A higher cost of living is a trade union's reason for demanding higher wages. The economic tendency, when the wages of labour rise in one industry, is towards a fall in the wages of others, especially in those closely connected with it. Thus in England to-day, wages in the coal-mining industry, which is connected with most other industries as a producer

of a universally useful raw material, have varied little nominally, but in reality have depreciated considerably, owing to the rise in prices. The cause of this is to be found partly in the weakness of the miners' union, and partly in the low demand for coal caused by the high wages in industries generally, miners' wages being decided to a great extent by the laws of supply and demand. If their wages were forced up, or the working-day shortened, the resultant rise in the price of coal would tend to reduce the wages in industry generally or to create more unemployment in all directions. The General Strike, for this reason, was the greatest freak trade unionism ever conceived—if, indeed, it was an industrial and not a political move. Its organizers admit their mistake; but they do not admit that the only way of permanently placing the coal-miner on an even footing with other wage earners is by reducing the wages of those industries over which they severally have control.

The trade union leaders have their livelihood to earn, just as much as the labourers whom they represent. Their duty is towards their members and they fulfil their task of raising wages by a total disregard for economic laws, of which they pretend to an extensive knowledge. Hence some of their "cures" for unemployment are ludicrous in the extreme and can be regarded only as mere subterfuges. One suggested "cure" is an inflation of the currency—let us remember the recent story of German marks. Another was found in the abolition of the gold standard—an old fallacy which was exploded upwards of a quarter of a century ago. Some trade unionists have pointed to the system of credit as the sole cause of unemployment. But they have probably forgotten that credit adjusts itself to the requirements of industry, and not to the demands of trade unions.

To say that employment would, in a free labour market, be permanent in all industries, is perhaps an exaggeration. But unemployment would not be permanent. As long as human nature remains as it is; as long as fashion remains potent to dictate; as long as opinions vary and tastes differ, so long will one industry advance at the expense of another and so long will there

UNEMPLOYMENT AND ECONOMIC LAWS

be a tendency to unemployment. Those factors operate now—even in this age of artificially inflated wages. Lavour-saving machinery, no matter what its ultimate effects, causes temporary unemployment. Progress in that direction is essential.

And for these reasons, labour may be cheap at one time and place, and dear at another. The easy modes of travel are slowly eliminating the barrier of distance. The barrier of time will remain always.

Just as the real price of labour at a certain time and place is found only in a market in which the laws of supply and demand operate freely, so the normal price is found over a long period, as is that of commodities. It is not based on the cost of production of labour, which includes only the necessities for efficiency, but on the productiveness of labour, with certain other factors tending to move it upwards or downwards. The chief of these are the ease or difficulty of the task to be performed, the extent of responsibility, the conditions not only in the immediate surroundings, but also in the salutary or injurious effects involved, the prospects of promotion, social status, and superannuation and other benefits which tend to induce workmen to accept lower wages than they would do otherwise.

The benefits to be derived from an abolition of all minimum wages may be put under one heading, Progress—progress, physically and morally, progress in art and education, progress in every direction. The salutary effects would be infinite in so far as they would be cumulative. Employment would be safe, since every person able and willing to work would find a place in industry; and furthermore he would have a choice of tasks. Indeed, it is that ability to choose which would keep wages on an economic level throughout the whole of the labour market. The worker striving to emulate would be rewarded not only by an actual increase in his real wages, but also by a strengthening of character, enhanced by the feeling of independence from the restrictive regulations of a trade union. He would find a pleasure in the struggle for supremacy such as to cause him some surprise at his suffering the lethargic life which he led under a trade union regime.

Lord Lloyd and the Idealists

By J. O. P. Bland

THE student of history may frequently observe that some casually frank utterance of a public man, or some apparently trivial event, will reveal, as in a lightning flash, the road which a nation is taking and the dangers which confront it on that road. In modern democratic States, where public opinion becomes stereotyped by text-book education and standardized by means of a syndicated Press, the wireless and the cinema, the bulk of the nation, pursuing its everyday business, may often be ignorant or unmindful of the forces at work to mend or mar its fortunes. Thus, to take a recent example, when Mr. Henderson, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, casually announced the other day that, in his opinion, "Parliament consists of the House of Commons only," a vivid light was suddenly thrown on the road which the British nation has been following, more or less unconsciously, toward "Socialism in our time," and an oligarchy of bureaucrats and demagogues. In the general apathy manifested on such occasions by our hugely-swollen electorate, many competent observers perceive evidence of deterioration in the once robust political instincts of the British people, and symptoms of the decline of liberty in England. Be this as it may, it is incontestable that a great change has taken, and is taking, place in these instincts, or at least in the outward and visible signs of those inward and spiritual qualities which, through the long centuries, have built up the British Constitution and inspired the Mother of Parliaments.

Of all the world-wide problems which affect the well-being and security of the British Empire, there is none in which the prevalent attitude of *laissez-faire* has been more conspicuously manifested than that which confronts us in the decline of British influence and moral prestige in India, China and other parts of Asia. Lord Lloyd, addressing the British Empire Union on December 5 with regard to the situation in Egypt, emphasized the dangerous folly of the school of thought which persists in attributing to semi-civilized Asiatic and African nations the qualities requisite for successful self-govern-

LORD LLOYD AND THE IDEALISTS

ment and enlightened internationalism. His words are worth quoting :—

The main cause for the alarm and preoccupation of so many of those who are familiar with Eastern affairs, is not so much because of any single proposal or declaration, in this treaty or that, regarding this or that area of British interest in the East to-day, grave as each may be, but rather the cynicism and levity with which it is proposed to abandon vital strategic positions, to allow our position in great markets, built up by the courage and enterprise of our people, wantonly to be sacrificed, and helpless masses of people, who have always looked to us for their protection, abandoned and thrown back into conditions from which they were gradually being rescued and emancipated, by the protection of British arms on the one hand, and the patient and studied devotion of the great Civil Service on the other.

It is the fashion of the moment; so it sometimes seems, to make light of these great responsibilities, and to be careless of these grave obligations. It is all the more curious that it should be so, when one recollects that, what some are to-day so willing to yield at the point of a pen, was only recently not to be wrested from us, even at the cost of long-drawn out suffering and death. In so far as the public may be apathetic towards these dangers, the explanation is, I think, that many of them are sincerely under the impression that the relaxation of our control in the East is a liberalizing policy towards the masses of the peoples in the East. If only they realized that British rule in the East has always been the protection of the under-dog; that it is British rule alone that has stood between him and his old oppressors, and that the premature relaxation of our rule, before he has been sufficiently educated, organized and emancipated to defend himself, is not a liberalizing policy, but exactly the contrary; it is a policy whereby we make ourselves privy to the restoration of religious and political oligarchies and tyrannies of an oppressive and evil kind.

These words accurately describe not only the errors and dangers of the Montagu experiment of dyarchy in India, but those of our policy of patient conciliation of the so-called Nationalist faction in China. In both countries we have deliberately jeopardized the strategic position and vital interests of the British Empire, as well as the well-being and security of the masses of the peoples concerned, and this in order to conciliate some thousands of self-elected Westernized politicians, lawyers and intellectuals, who are fighting for their own class interests and whose hostility towards us increases with every graceful concession made to them.

Lord Lloyd concluded his address with the following words of warning :—

If you allow disorder or misgovernment to take the place of order and stable government, the purchasing power of the people will be reduced; if you hand over the direction of affairs to agitators who

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

are avowed enemies of this country, you will lose your markets and imperil still further the already grave position in this country. Already our share of the Eastern markets—Egypt, India, China—has suffered grave and dangerous reduction, a tendency which will be gravely accentuated unless we reconsider our attitude towards those great problems. It is not a little curious that the same government who so carelessly throw away our own real and existing markets in the East, should be willing to sell our country's soul in order to buy purely problematical Soviet trade in the West. Let no one think that those who lightly press down the accelerator of democratic progress in the East are the true friends of its peoples. It is rather those of us who, in spite of misrepresentation and abuse, urge that it is prudence that will bring real and lasting progress, by law and order that you will get liberty, and by firm rule, affection and respect, who are the true friends of the East and its peoples.

Lord Lloyd, it will be observed, finds the explanation of his countrymen's apathetic attitude towards Eastern affairs in the prevalence of the belief that the relaxation of our control is a liberalizing policy towards the masses of the people in the East. His warning is, in fact, an indictment of that school of Liberal thought which, since the war, and most notably when Sir Austen Chamberlain was at the Foreign Office, has become obsessed with the theories of racial equality and the universal applicability of democratic institutions, and therefore disposed to apply them, with that cynical levity which Lord Lloyd deplures, and without direct knowledge of the races with which, in theory, they sympathize. Another profound observer of Eastern affairs, Meredith Townsend, when discussing the future of India twenty years ago, drew attention to the momentous change which had already taken place in the attitude of Englishmen towards the great Imperial interests which had been "built up by the courage and enterprise of our people in the East." The present-day cynicism and levity had not then become a feature of the problem. The change, as he saw it, was simply due to the increasing prevalence of sentimental idealism in political circles.

Whether for good or evil, a great change is passing over Englishmen. They have become uncertain of themselves, afraid of their old opinions, doubtful of the true teaching of their own consciences. They doubt if they have any longer any more right to rule anyone, themselves almost included. An old mental disease, the love of approbation, has suddenly risen among them to the height of a passion. Instead of being content to rule well, to do justice and to love mercy, they are trying themselves by a new standard, and desire to rule so that the governed may applaud, or, as they phrase it with a certain

LORD LLOYD AND THE IDEALISTS

unconscious unctuousness, may "love" them. That is the real root of the great change which has passed over the management of children, of the whole difficulty in Ireland, of the reluctance to conquer, and of the whole of our new philanthropic and social legislation.

In the twenty years that have elapsed since these words were written, the symptoms of this "old mental disease, the love of approbation," have greatly increased. In India, Ireland, Egypt and the Far East, its effect has been to sacrifice the security of the Empire at vital points without winning approbation in return. Adventures in Liberalism have become the order of the day, with Utopia as their objective by paths of international pacifism. Thus, with regard to China, we saw a manifesto of the Labour Party (April 1927) calling for the withdrawal of all armed forces from Chinese territory, for the immediate abolition of extra-territorial rights and the surrender of the Treaty-Port Concessions, etc., all on the preposterous plea that "the Chinese Nationalist movement is developing trade unionism for the benefit of Chinese workers." And we saw, not long afterwards, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs of a Conservative Government justifying the ignominious surrender of British rights and property to an organized hostile agitation, on the equally preposterous plea that his policy of patient conciliation would in due time evoke "an equally friendly response from a Chinese Government freed from foreign domination and thus enabled to devote itself to the single-minded service of the Chinese." The fact that such absurd statements can be uttered by responsible public men, without being seriously challenged by Parliament or Press, emphasizes the fact that the body politic has become badly infected by the state of mind which seeks refuge from realities in self-deluding idealism. British public opinion in the sphere of world politics has to a great extent surrendered its critical faculty to the guidance of the "highbrow" internationalists of the Round Table coterie, of Chatham House and the League of Nations Union. It is probably a temporary surrender, because persistence on the primrose path of plausible illusions is bound before long to produce unpleasant results of the kind which Lord Lloyd anticipates, and these in their turn must produce a powerful reaction. This also Meredith Townsend foresaw, observing that no democracy other than ours

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

entertains any genuine doubts as to its right to govern. But things have gone so far, and such boundless ambitions now inspire the small class of Westernized Intellectuals which is creating chaos in India and China, that it will probably require a serious catastrophe to restore general recognition of the fundamental truth that a conciliatory attitude never yet won the goodwill or respect of an Asiatic people.

For the time being, however, the self-deluding mind of the international idealist remains the dominant factor in the situation, and his dreams the stuff out of which our policies are fashioned. A striking example of the prevailing tendency to accept his theories and catchwords at their face value has recently occurred in the deferential reception accorded in this country to Herr Kohn's "History of Nationalism in the East." It is a work which, even more than Herr Richard Wilhelm's "Soul of China," reveals the wide gulf that divides the philosophy of book-learning from that based on direct experience of men and affairs. Compared with Meredith Townsend's masterly analysis of the situation in "Asia and Europe," Herr Kohn's ponderous effort is as the crackling of thorns under a pot. From premises that are often manifestly false he draws conclusions so fantastic that it would seem impossible for any critical student of Eastern affairs to take them seriously. Nevertheless, his book has been widely acclaimed as a noteworthy contribution to the world's knowledge of political movements in the Near East and India. It is unfortunately the fashion of the moment to ascribe to the peoples of Asia the political mentality capable of passing in one generation from the Middle Ages to the twentieth century, and of organizing their self-government on a basis of democratic institutions. This delusion, by force of reiteration, has now become firmly rooted and widespread. But it required the mind of a German closet-philosopher to conceive the idea of "the peoples of Asia and Northern Africa linked in the sentiment of a common destiny" and united in a common struggle against the "common-destiny-fellowship" of the European Continent on the one hand, and that of the Anglo-Saxon peoples on the other.

There is nothing surprising in the fact that Herr Kohn should believe, and magisterially proclaim, that the

LORD LLOYD AND THE IDEALISTS

masses of Asiatic and African peoples have been suddenly awakened to political consciousness by the convulsions following on the Great War; herein he errs in great and good company. But it is a significant sign of the times that we should take a work of this kind seriously when there are in England thousands of men capable of exposing its fallacies from first-hand experience of actual conditions in Asia generally and India in particular. Take, for instance, this passage from his summarizing introduction, in which he describes the New Era of his visions in Asia :—

This Oriental fellowship of common destiny coheres not only in virtue of a common struggle and the simultaneous entry of all Asia into a new era; its coherence is also due to the fact that the new era is rooted in a uniform principle, which is recasting systems and dominating the whole evolution of outward institutions. For what is happening now in the East is not merely a regrouping of political units or the introduction of parliamentary constitutions, but a far more fundamental process. Not only is it trenching upon every tradition and custom that has hitherto ruled men's lives, but it is beginning to change the whole intellectual and emotional outlook of the Oriental and the conceptions on which he has based them.

One could wish that Herr Kohn and those who share his delusions might pass a few months, as an educative experience, either as a guest of one of the ruling Princes of Northern India, or at the headquarters of the "Christian General" in China. He would speedily find reasons for modifying his conception of the extent to which the race-mind and outlook of the Oriental masses have been changed by European influences. He might even come in time to understand and concur in Mr. Kipling's view of this matter, as thus bluntly put: "Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia and she is too old. She will never attend Sunday School, or learn to vote, save with swords for tickets." But Herr Kohn has probably never read Kipling. The long list of authors contained in his bibliography shows that almost all of the works on which he has based his study of the East are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of *sang-pur* internationalism.

Herr Kohn's work is important only as a symptom of the ascendancy and tendencies of sentimental idealism in world politics; interesting, inasmuch as it represents the perfect flower of the spreading tree of self-

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

delusion. He uses with pontifical assurance all the stock phrases and fixed ideas with which the arch-theorists of "highbrow" Liberalism deceive themselves and the crowd. He is quite convinced, for example, that "the only solution which offers for the future of the great fellowship of the European Continent is a gradual obliteration of all frontiers between European States—a solution which satisfies not only political, but also financial and economic requirements. This solution will mean for Europe the end of political nationalism as a principle of State organization." Moreover, in the conflict of his absurd "three fellowships of common destiny, mutually threatening and opposed," he describes, after the manner of his kind, "the beginnings of a common human consciousness embracing for the first time remote, forgotten, and little evolved peoples." His book, in fact, deserves attention simply because, beneath the guise of a scientific thesis, it breathes the very spirit of the parlour Bolsheviks, distinguished by their cold-blooded concentration on theories which cheerfully accept chaos as an "inevitable stage of national evolution," and would far rather see millions of the helpless, inarticulate masses go to their graves like beds than abate one jot or tittle of their "forward-looking" and liberalizing policies.

Under the baneful influence of this type of idealism, public opinion in this country has for the last four years persisted in regarding the Nanking group of Westernized politicians as constituting an effective Chinese government, able and ready to maintain law and order and to administer justice. On this manifestly false assumption, we have based a policy which has already cost us, and the Chinese, very dear; a policy (to quote Lord Lloyd once more) whereby "we make ourselves privy to the restoration of oligarchies and tyrannies of an oppressive and evil kind." The truth of the matter has apparently been realized at long last by President Hoover and his Cabinet. It is devoutly to be hoped that Downing Street may now take heart of grace and follow him on a more dignified path, wherein shall be recognized, as of old, our grave responsibilities and moral obligations to the peoples, as distinct from the politicians, of Asia.

Free State Borrowing

By "Pat"

SINCE I last wrote about Ireland, the Dublin statesmen have begun to whisper once more about "a loan in London"; so I had better write again. "Our Dublin Correspondent" is still "turning the corner" to invent prosperity that cannot exist, and I have nothing to write in his way.

The Irish refugees in London are more numerous than ever, though not so numerous as they will be, and they will not help those who have looted them in Ireland to swindle those who have sheltered them in England. Then there are the outcast survivors from the reign of terror at "home," who have not yet been able to escape from the Free State. They are the best citizens Southern Ireland has. The King has no truer subjects. Loyalty in England is a cheap thing compared with theirs. The British investor will hardly like to assist in financing their destruction, and slavery ceases to yield dividends as civilization advances. Of all the downward changes since the "Free" State started, the fall in freedom is the most remarkable.

An intelligent minority are still determined at any cost to remain British subjects, though cheated out of their civic birthright and abandoned to persecution by the Imperial Parliament. Most of them are Protestants, but the Catholic among them is hated even more. The Protestants "know no better," but by common consent the loyal Catholic remains a dangerous freak.

The persecution is denied, of course, and the denial is cleverly supported. An observant stranger might pass through all the land without finding a concrete case, so well is the method matured. Here and there a Protestant bell-wether bleats about "the tolerance of our Roman Catholic fellow countrymen," and for more than seven years this pitiful fiction has been kept up, but now they find their numbers fallen by thirty-two per cent. in a single census period. The "tolerance" is reduced to its statistical value by the new census. The bell-wether has still his bell, but his flock escape from "freedom" by a different gap.

Some of the Protestants, including several bishops, have lately denounced the "tyranny" in specific terms, but if the Government attempted redress, they would be

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

unseated at the next election to make room for instruments more tyrannical, and they know that the same old brush which swept the Irish Parliamentary Party out of sight, as in a night, is still held by the same old master hand, while the parties take their cue from the same infallible index. "Democracy" becomes an experiment in mysticism.

The foreign pressman in Dublin, bewildered by equal proof of prosperity and its opposite, never finds a balance of fact, and never enters the dismal background where "freedom" grinds the Free Staters to decorate the Dublin front. It is so much pleasanter to stay in Dublin and look on at the totally unproductive expenditure of the £15,000,000 or more which "freedom" has added to overtaxation. The multitude who find these millions complain of bad times growing worse, but those who pocket the money "have turned the corner." They are not the only people who "turn the corner" when they have annexed their neighbour's property.

Is it possible for a poor community of three millions, without growing poorer, to divert an addition of £15,000,000 a year from the producers to unproductive consumption? The Shannon fails to attract industrial capital, and there is certainly no increase in productive power, while State expenditure has gone up by more than 200 per cent. The slight increase in foreign trade is accounted for by the increased imports of inferior food to substitute the superior food exported. The peasant produces excellent bacon, but he may not eat it. For the eating, it is better known in Paris, and the inferior substitute which he buys for his own consumption is often at a higher price. Such facts are not confined to bacon, and the fall in the standard of life can be inferred. Foreign trade of this sort proves poverty, but the statesmen quote it to prove wealth.

The agrarian majority are ninety per cent. of the population and they pay more than eighty per cent. of those £15,000,000. How could the peasant hope to eat his own bacon? It goes "to put corner boys in motor cars and call it national freedom."

It is certain that poverty approaches, at least for the nine-tenths. The other tenth "turn the corner" with the missing millions, but the endurance of the peasant is wonderful, and through his fatal patience the

FREE STATE BORROWING

national extinction can be quietly accomplished by graduated pressure without attracting international notice. It is a pity our imperial statesmanship never had the intelligence to see that the Irish peasant was the most excessively governable person in civilization. No other in the world could be kept so quiet as he is now in face of the fraud that gives him coercion for liberty, and in the name of prosperity deprives him of his food.

In the matter of government, I have selected samples to prepare the British investor for "a loan in London." Each has been carefully examined. Some are covered by documentary proofs, and I hold some of the documents. For obvious reasons they are better known here as A, B, C, etc., but if any British investor in the Free State joke would like to know the truth, I can meet him and produce the documents.

The coercion now enacted and enforced for the "Free" State is much more brutal than anything attempted by the Imperial power in the past hundred years, but since it is supposed to be for the defence of the State, I submit no instance of this sort. Men who attack the State must expect the State to defend itself, and inquiry into such a conflict could produce only a balance of evidence at best, still subject to denial on either side. I want the brutality to be seen quite naked, stripped of all excuse and free from all necessity. For that reason I confine myself this time to a few of the many who are persecuted on these two grounds: (1) Because they dare to confess their British allegiance, and (2) because, when Catholics, they are accused of maintaining friendly relations with Protestants. There is not a republican among them. Every one of them is a good citizen, a supporter of the Constitution and a friend to public order.

A

The Imperial Parliament has voted a million pounds to compensate residents in Southern Ireland who have lost by their loyalty to "the British connection," and the Grants Committee has been set up to hear these claims in London. A partial compensation for such loss paid at home by the Free State Government is accepted by the London Committee as essential evidence for a grant out of the Imperial provision. Now, A is a claimant before this London Committee, and his claim is on "all

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

fours " with the terms of reference ; but his own Government in the Free State have denied their payment to him, which disqualifies his claim in London. I have read the letter which contains the denial by the Dublin Ministry of Finance. This partial payment from Dublin was made through a bank, but the banker also has denied it, and there is yet further evidence of collusion. The Grants Committee required A to estimate some of his income derived from England, and cut off by the reign of terror at home, but the Englishman who paid it has failed to certify the payment, after promising to do so. I have read the letter containing the promise. A is now ruined, ill, destitute, and living at present on a small grant from a philanthropic organization in London, who know his case and cannot understand the refusal ; but he has been specially effective in defence of " the British Connection," which is the footing for all claims, and so, the better his claim, the worse his chance of getting it, while many compensations are paid to people who have done nothing. The Grants Committee, quite properly, refuse to pay without the proofs, but in A's case the proofs are suppressed by an Irish conspiracy, with Englishmen aiding and abetting.

B

On his way home, B was attacked in the public road by three masked men. In defending himself, he unmasked the leader, identified him, and immediately reported the facts to the police. In a civilized country, their decision to prosecute would not need ten minutes. In the Free State, they must first seek the consent of the Government, which took ten days, and then there was no prosecution. B was accused of feeling " proud to be a British subject " and of " tolerating Protestantism " in accordance with the conscience clause in the new Constitution. No further ground has ever been suggested, even by the police, for refusing him the protection of the law. Following the refusal, he sent the facts and his complaint to the Minister for " Justice," but after two years he has not yet got a reply. Meantime, the three masked men, or any number, are free to infer that official " Justice " would not be too inquisitive if B were discreetly murdered, and he sleeps with a revolver under his pillow, perhaps wondering if England must always

FREE STATE BORROWING

continue to sell her most loyal citizens into slavery for the savage satisfaction of her vilest traitors.

C

On the opening of the local police barrack, when the Republic had ceased to "function," C called and left a signed document with the official in charge: "You may call on me at any time for any assistance I can give in support of public order. This is not more than one's duty as a citizen." One result was a prompt increase in the crimes against himself, and the refusal of protection when he reported these to the police. He found his most criminal neighbours able to repeat word for word the confidential document which he had signed at the barrack. In short, he had become "an informer," at the same time an outlaw, as the reward for his attempt to support the "Free" State Constitution. In such circumstances, the refusal of the protection of the law is virtually an official invitation to commit murder. Like B, C was accused of "remaining a British subject," and even the police could suggest no other complaint against him. Yet the Executive officials who carry on this persecution, with the knowledge and the apparent approval of their superiors, are all sworn to the British allegiance. The Free State Government employs about forty thousand perjurers, not to mention the Members of Parliament, of whom about half have taken the oath and defended their taking it on the ground that they meant to break it at the first opportunity. I do not believe that the other half are more "loyal," or less perjured.

D

D had a commission to buy cattle for export, with money provided in advance of purchase by his English consignee. In addition, he owned unmortgaged property four times the value of any consignment he bought, and his banker knew this. He never at any time left his current account without a balance to credit. The business flourished for a time. Then his banker, having raised no objection to the business, suddenly dishonoured all his cheques in face of a lodgement handsomely in excess of their total—this on a fair day, with twenty-eight cattle already on the railway. Scenting a plot to get the buyer mobbed by the sellers, he gathered all the dishonoured cheques in a bundle, and said, "Follow me.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Bring as many others with you as will come." He made for the bank, which was now closed. The mob followed, many of them carrying big sticks. He mounted the doorstep and rang the bell. No reply. He tried the knocker. No reply. Turning to the mob, he handed them a lodgement receipt, and made a speech, which wound up: "That is your money, now behind these doors, lodged there by me to pay for your cattle. What do you propose to do? I propose to stay on this doorstep until the bank opens at ten o'clock to-morrow morning." The sellers cheered the buyer and proceeded to mob the banker, but he opened the door and honoured every cheque. This or the like was done five times, and every time the facts were accurately reported by D to his English consignee, who naturally decided that it would be safer to stop the business. D is now reduced to great hardship, and he also is a claimant before the Grants Committee, but they demand "certificates," and he cannot get that banker to certify the outrages that ruined his means of living.

E

E left home for one night, and was robbed, even to the sheets and blankets from his bed. The silk coverlets were emptied of their down. What was not stolen was smashed. A motor-lorry had been hired to carry away the loot. Many people had seen it going off with the load by dawn that summer morning, and recognized the looter. In the afternoon E returned and reported to the police. They took no action. A week later they went to see the wreck, and saw objects by which they could identify some of the things stolen. Still no action! Why? "Your only course," they said, "is to get a search warrant," but by this time the thief could have put his loot out of sight. Later, I asked E why he had not got the search warrant, and this was his reply: "These policemen are obviously in league with the robbers, and it is evident that they belong to the same class. If they wished to trace the robbery, could they have waited a week? I could not get a search warrant without their knowledge, and I could not make the search without their assistance. They would be certain to warn the robber in advance of the search, and, finding nothing, I should be liable to penalties for entering." One friendly policeman, in confidence, advised him to

FREE STATE BORROWING

"leave the country," on the ground that the police service itself was "no better than a criminal organization." Such is "our national freedom" and the system of elaborate torture to which England, once capable of a national conscience, hands over many thousands of the best subjects in the British Empire.

F

One day I was with him in his orchard when he was digging out his fruit trees, and the police superintendent called, apparently a person of some civilization, for he regretted the ruin. There were two reasons for digging out the trees: (1) Year after year the fruit had been stolen, and the trees damaged in the stealing. (2) A ruffian of the gunman class had taken possession of F's bog, depriving him of his only fuel, and claiming to have the consent of the Government. Had he? F had made eight applications to the State Department asking this question, but had never got a reply, and now his fruit trees were his only fire stuff. "Don't dig out any more," said the superintendent, "and I'll see that they are not stolen." The digging stopped, but the digger never saw that superintendent again, and the stealing still continues. Why did the police official change his mind? This is F's explanation: "Yes, I think he was quite sincere when he promised me the protection of the law, but he did not know then that I was on the list for destruction. Having got to know it, he would be bound to co-operate with the criminals or endanger his own job. You see, I am guilty of being a British subject." One member, at least, of the Free State Government knew all about this case, because I told him.

G

G's neighbour, who owed him some money, promised to pay his rates for him in part discharge, but failed to do so; and so it remained until the police came with the distress warrant and found G just two shillings short of the sum. They took his bicycle, knowing that it was his only means to travel, and that he lived miles away from any town. He offered them two young horses. He offered to help them in getting out the animals. He offered them a haystack, a cart, ploughs, harrows, anything but the bicycle, and they would take nothing else, knowing that the loss of this would disable

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

him particularly. Rather than lose a good bicycle for two shillings, he followed them to the town and borrowed the sum, damaging his credit by the exposure, and all because he had tried to help a neighbour in circumstances worse than his own. The police official who conducted this business is now "on the list for promotion," but I know some of them who are expecting promotion for perjury, and the perjury is public knowledge. One of the judges says that "the increasing prevalence of perjury" threatens to break down the administration of the law.

H

I know a village public-house which was recently robbed on a large scale at 2.30 a.m. There is no "clue," unless this: At midnight, four policemen were on the spree there, three hours after closing time. I have known ten robberies in one month within one mile of the same public-house, and there is no "clue," unless this: I have seen confessed bank-robbers taken out of jail, taken into the police service and promoted. Ours is the only country where crime is a passport to State employment. The man who makes the appointment may be even more criminal than the applicant, and guilt cannot challenge the guilty. It is enough to make one write an essay in praise of Pontius Pilate.

I

One more light on the way to "a loan in London." I have seen policemen, sons of farmers, assessing malicious injury on a farm. I have listened to them stating their assessment. I have listened to the same men in court denying the same injuries on oath, though known to the public. I have listened to the judge officially recommending their promotion for the perjury. I have listened to the criminals laughing at the judge, the judgment, the court, the law and the police—judge, policemen and criminals co-operating to degrade the law for purposes of sectarian persecution and in defiance of public knowledge. The public look on—and send their savings for investment in England, while their Government want "a loan in London" to finance the judicial degradation. The Free State has now on the higher Bench some judicially incapable persons, who, even when they happen to be legally right, remain judicially wrong. But for the rebellion, they must have remained unknown.

FREE STATE BORROWING

The children of violence, they sit in the seat of power to reinforce outrage by the sanction of law, and since their tenure is constitutional, they cannot be removed without a dual impeachment in the legislature, where nobody dares attempt it.

On the other hand, the system of summary jurisdiction, called the District Court, is one of the best in the world, and Ulster is now trying to follow the example of the South in magisterial reform. I am not aware of a single attempt to accommodate crime in the District Court, and if only the police service could be brought to behave in a way worthy of the new magistrates, it would be a step towards stopping the flight of capital which threatens to starve the Free Staters. Where crime can dictate official Justice, capital cannot function; and where capital cannot function, labour cannot live. The increased emigration to escape from "our national freedom" tells the rest of the tale.

Following thefts from myself personally, and after repeated applications to our new police, their local official came and laid down the new law for me in this gem of administrative wisdom: "Before we can take action, you must prove that the things you have lost were here in your possession, and that they were really your property." I, too, am suspected of "British sympathies," and the more I see of the "Free" State, the more "British" I become.

It is right to add that whenever the facts have been properly presented to the men at the head of the police service in Dublin, they have scattered their local perjurers, even in spite of the combination between criminal and judicial agencies; but it seems to take a year to get this done, and then the next set of peace preservers prove more criminal than the last. Under the Union, official outrages were very rare, but now not one man of any party in the Dublin Parliament dares put a question on such a subject. Of course, the refusal of protection is never explicit. The police official promises to come every time, but never comes. I have known him, after eight applications, explaining that he was "too busy," and I have seen him during official hours on the same day boating on a lake for pleasure.

The banking experience is the strangest of all. Bank directors are men of honour and probity. Why do they promote managers who behave as I have described?

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

We know that Irish disorder diverts millions and millions of Irish capital from Irish employment, and that these millions are more profitable elsewhere, but how could anybody believe that the master minds of big banks would stoop to promote such disorder? The more probable explanation is that the local manager, under the pressure of local intimidation, becomes a boycotter to avoid being boycotted; and the necessity appears to be general, for in the case described above, the account was changed from bank to bank, and each did the same as the others.

All the facts in this article apply to a small area in the Free State, not more than a radius of fifteen miles, and the regions beyond are rather worse, where the British subject dares not even admit his allegiance. The tyranny is everywhere, and yet it is the work of a small minority, not the peasants, but rather the class immediately above them, and especially persons seeking "jobs" in the public services, which are like cities of refuge for the criminal fugitives of a fallen race. The peasantry as a whole are neither criminally inclined nor unfriendly to England. Therein is the cruelty of having deserted them to ruin. More than ninety per cent. of them deplore the departure of British rule, and they have already begun to ask in public print: "Why does our national freedom increase our poverty and reduce our liberty?"

My article is already too long, and my A, B, C has only come down to I. I could readily exhaust the rest of the alphabet and find for each letter criminal outrages like those described above. I have written nothing but from direct knowledge, and I fear I have not written the worst. The worst will be found where the terror is so complete that nobody dares tell, and there the terror is called "peace" to attract the British investor for "a loan in London."

In conclusion, I submit a grave question for the statesmen of these islands. There is not in the civilized world at present a foreign country in which the British subject has half so much need for consular protection as he has in the Irish Free State. Why not let him have it? In Germany, even in Turkey, he has the protection of the law under which he lives. In the "Free" State, the law under which he lives is directed to destroy him, simply for being a British subject, and the more honestly he supports that law, the more certain is his ruin by it.

Zionists and Arabs

By E. M. E. Blyth

"HIS MAJESTY'S Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object; it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights or political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."—The Balfour Declaration, November 2, 1917.

THIS article will endeavour to show, as impartially as possible, the effect of the Declaration in working upon Palestine, the Zionist claim, and the Arab side, which has not been admitted to a full hearing in the Press; it distinguishes between Zionism, which is a political and acquisitive movement, and Judaism, which is a faith. Zionism finds scant favour amongst the bulk of the orthodox Jews.

The "Balfour Declaration" reads clearly enough on the surface, but is found to be ambiguous when examined; this ambiguity, which permits of varying interpretations, is the root of much of the trouble. The kernel, of course, is the expression: "A National Home for the Jews," but that is modified, if not contradicted, by what follows: "it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the rights of existing non-Jewish communities." There is already one National Home in Palestine, of the Arabs, who are the descendants of the ancient Canaanite stock,* spoiled and oppressed in centuries of wars and conquests, but never driven out. The establishment of a second National Home in a small country like Palestine is bound to "prejudice" the rights of prior inhabitants. Again, nothing may be done which shall "prejudice the rights or political status enjoyed by Jews, in any other country." If the Jews desire a National Home in Palestine, they can only "achieve this object" by giving to it their best material

* The opinion of the great archæologist, M. Clermont-Ganneau.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

rather than their least valuable, and by employing the unstinted labour of heart, brain, and muscle on it. The very fact of such migration and such labour, directed to such an end, not only " prejudices " existing political status in other lands, but should obliterate all former nationality, ties, and obligations. A man cannot be both an Englishman and a Chinese, a Palestinian and a Russian; he can, as in our Civil Services, work abroad and retire to spend his declining years at home. But he has not been helping to build up a National Home in another part of the world. No one can help to create a National Home unless he realizes that in a service so strenuous, so exacting, his lifetime and the lifetimes of many generations must be used up, each one counting merely as a course in the walls of the Home as it grows slowly to completion. So far, no English Jews have gone out to Palestine as colonists and become naturalized, but only as members of the civil and administrative services. The Zionist immigrants, mostly from Russia and Poland, are not the flower of their race. Zionism has poured in money in millions; but money is the least permanent thing there is; it may give power, but it cannot give life, and that power dies when the money flows slowly or stops.

The differing interpretations of the phrase " a Jewish National Home " have led to fearful bitterness of soul and to loss of life. We will set down the two sides, as far as possible, in the words of the leaders and without comment.

The Zionist Claim.—*The Jewish Chronicle*, a representative paper of English Jewry, called the " Balfour Declaration," plainly enough, " a Jewish triumph." Dr. Weissman, the friend and colleague of Herzl and his acknowledged successor in the leadership of the movement, said (Political Report No. 1): " I declare that by a Jewish National Home we meant the creation in Palestine of such conditions as should enable us to establish between 50,000 and 60,000 Jews per annum there, and to establish them on the land . . . that there should ultimately be such conditions that Palestine should be just as Jewish as America is American and England is English." " There can only be one National Home in Palestine, and that a Jewish Home, and no

ZIONISTS AND ARABS

equality in partnership between Jews and Arabs, but a Jewish predominance as soon as the numbers of that race are sufficiently increased."—(Dr. Eder, Zionist Commission, 1921.) "What they (Zionists) wished to obtain in Palestine was not merely a right to establish colonies, or educational, cultural, or industrial institutions. They wanted to establish in Palestine an autonomous Jewish Commonwealth in the fullest sense of the word. They wanted Palestine to be Palestine of the Jews and not merely a Palestine for the Jews. . . The ground must be theirs."—(Dr. M. Gaster, meeting at London Opera House, December 2, 1917.) "There might be many a worse president of Palestine than Dr. Max Nordau. . . . Not that the day for a Jewish president seemed as near as had been hoped when Mr. Balfour wrote his famous letter to Lord Rothschild. . . He did not know what 'a Jewish National Home' meant if it did not mean a 'Jewish State.' "—(Speech by I. Zangwill, reported in bulletin of the Zionist Organization, September 16, 1919.) "Dr. Weissmann said that he wished to explain with regard to the conditions existing in Palestine, which was administered by a Power in military occupation, but not authorized to make itself responsible for the government of the country, that so far as possible the Zionist Organization, which kept a close watch over things in Palestine, intervened with the administrative authorities whenever it found that Jewish interests suffered or were likely to suffer. . . . In most cases, in an overwhelming majority of cases, they had succeeded in stopping anything detrimental to Zionist progress."—(Zionist Bulletin, August 26, 1919.) "It is desired to encourage Jewish immigration by every means, and at the same time to discourage the immigration of the Arabs."—(Mr. Herbert Sidebotham.)

Zionist efforts in Palestine.—"The Jewish National Fund is the instrument of the Jewish people for the acquisition of land in Palestine. All land acquired by the J.N.F. becomes the inalienable property of the Jewish people. . . . The London Zionist Conference (April 1920) framed its land policy in Palestine in conformity with the principle of nationalization, and made the J.N.F. the instrument for carrying it out." The

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

J.N.F. was started in 1907. The Palestine Foundation Fund is responsible for the development and maintenance of the 120 agricultural settlements which the Zionists have established in Palestine; it is reckoned that it costs about £1,000 to establish a family upon the land; it is easy to understand how it is that between the dates of the British occupation, December 1917 and December 1921, "upwards of £1,500,000 had been expended in Palestine by the Zionist Organization and allied Jewish bodies. . . . Since the beginning of 1921 the Zionist Organization alone has been sending to Palestine £35,000 a month."—(Leonard Stein, *Headway*, January 1922.) "Since the armistice till the present day (1922), some 24,000 Jewish immigrants have entered Palestine; the Zionist Organization has spent about £100,000 on their equipment and support."—"Palestine and the Jewish National Home," Z.O. bulletin, No. 8,702.) "Workers' groups carry out important pieces of constructional work on the principle of direct contract. . . . A Workers' Bank with a capital of £40,000 has been founded for the purpose of serving . . . all groups of workers in Palestine organized on a co-operative basis for all branches of their activities."

The "Balfour Declaration" is embodied in the preamble to the Palestine Mandate, and Art. 4 lays down that: "An appropriate Jewish agency shall be recognized as a public body for the purpose of advising and co-operating with the administration of Palestine in such economic, social, and other matters as may affect the establishment of the Jewish National Home, and the interests of the Jewish population in Palestine, and, *subject always to the control of the administration*, to assist and take part in the development of the country. The Zionist Organization, *so long as its organization and constitution are, in the opinion of the mandatory, appropriate*, shall be regarded as such agency. It shall take steps in consultation with His Britannic Majesty's Government to secure the co-operation of all Jews who are willing to assist in the establishment of the Jewish National Home." The words in italics define and limit the powers of the Zionist Organization in Palestine.

"Art. 9.—The mandatory shall be responsible for

ZIONISTS AND ARABS

seeing that the judicial systems established in Palestine shall safeguard (a) the interests of foreigners; (b) the law, and (to the extent deemed expedient) the jurisdiction now existing in Palestine with regard to questions arising out of the religious beliefs of certain communities (such as the laws of Wakf and personal status). In particular the mandatory agrees that the control and administration of Wakf shall be exercised in accordance with religious law and the dispositions of the founders." (The law of Wakf, roughly speaking, is the Moslem law of religious entail.) "Art. 13.—All responsibility in connection with the Holy Places and religious buildings or sites in Palestine, including that of preserving existing rights, of securing free access to the holy places, religious buildings and sites and the free exercise of worship, while ensuring the requirements of public order and decorum, is assumed by the mandatory, who will be responsible solely to the League of Nations in all matters connected therewith . . . Provided that nothing in this mandate shall be construed as conferring upon the mandatory authority to interfere with the fabric or the management of purely Moslem sacred shrines, the immunities of which are hereby guaranteed. Art. 14.—In accordance with Art. 95 of the Treaty of Peace with Turkey, the mandatory undertakes to appoint as soon as possible a special Commission to study and regulate all questions and claims relating to the different religious communities. In the composition of the Commission the religious interests concerned will be taken into account. . . . It will be the duty of this Commission to ensure that certain holy places, religious buildings or sites, regarded with special veneration by the adherents of one particular religion, are entrusted to the permanent control of suitable bodies representing the adherents of the religion concerned. . . . In all cases dealt with under this Article, however, the right and duty of the mandatory to maintain order and decorum in the place concerned shall not be affected." "It has not been possible so far to set up this Commission, owing to disagreement among the Roman Catholic members of the League of Nations Council." (*Times*, November 25, 1929.) The "disagreement" is intelligible. The Church of Palestine is the Greek Orthodox

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Church, which holds the chief rights in the majority of Christian holy places; its title to these rights is clear, being rooted in antiquity, confirmed by custom and tradition, and recognized by the Ottoman Sultans, when suzerains. The Latin Church has always resented the position, and fights between members of the two Churches were frequent under the Turks, necessitating the presence of armed Moslem troops at the great ceremonies of Christmas and Easter. An examination into these ancient rights and privileges would probably take years, and would entail a staggering amount of labour, inquiry into ancient Church law, history, and charters, as well as Turkish title deeds; Arab opinion, both of Moslems and the Christians of all Eastern Churches, would be solid behind the Orthodox Church. It is doubtful whether such a Commission could do more than beat the air, and revive bitter memories, now happily asleep.

In pre-war Palestine, communism was unknown, even though the country was being drained dry by Turkish exactions and taxation. "Communism is alien to our religion, our principles, and our conscience," an Arab (Moslem) leader in Palestine said recently in the writer's hearing. This is true, for the Eastern habit of life is the patriarchal, which is built upon the principles of respect for age and authority, of clan loyalty, and the conservation of family ties, and is thus the antithesis of communism. Unhappily, communism is penetrating into Palestine through immigrants from Russia, and through Soviet agencies. An Eastern branch of Arcos opened depots at Constantinople, Alexandria, Jaffa, Jeddah, etc., where Russian goods were retailed to Eastern buyers at ridiculous prices; a service of Soviet ships delivered the goods at these key-ports of the Near East, until the Alexandria and Jaffa depots were closed by the police. Through these and kindred agencies, Soviet leaflets have been broadcast amongst the Arabs, urging them to demand the immediate withdrawal of British troops from Palestine and Egypt as the upholders of British imperialism and British tyranny. There is a special propaganda college in Moscow, at which likely young Eastern malcontents are trained to carry on the work of the Soviet in the Near East. A writer on Zionist immigra-

ZIONISTS AND ARABS

tion and land settlement in Palestine, in the *Times* of November 28, 1929, referred to "the communistic or co-operative colony known as Kvutzah . . . which is favoured by the Labour Federation," and observed that "the communistic method appeals to Jewish idealists; all work is to be done for the common good and without thought of individual gain." This sounds idealistic, but in actual practice it is far from being so. A friend, who went out of his way to visit the communist colony at Ain Harod in the Valley of Jezreel, has kindly placed his information at the writer's disposal. He was received in the common hall or guest-room of the settlement, which showed marked signs of the poverty he had already noticed on every side. Finding him an attentive and interested listener, the colonists talked to him with frankness; he learnt that of individual family life there was none, the children being taken from their parents and placed under the care of nurse-instructresses, who were responsible to the community thereafter for these poor fledglings. The parents were allowed to see their children on Saturdays, and occasionally on other days; apparently there was some slight general uncertainty as to individual relationships. No one was allowed to keep any of his wages, all moneys earned going into the community purse for the common weal. Evidently the common weal did not amount to much, for the colonists said that they owed the Palestine Administration £900, and the Zionist Organization about £60,000.

It may be urged with truth that the Arabs did not immediately protest against the "Balfour Declaration," nor against its embodiment in the mandate, when such protest was open to them and might have been useful. The Arab answer to this is that they did not realize that the words "a National Home for the Jews in Palestine" would be interpreted as "making Palestine into a National Home for the Jews." The Arabs are not anti-Jewish. Before the war, Arabs and Jews existed side by side in Palestine; the Arabs formed 93 per cent. of the population, but there were no pogroms or persecutions of the Jews in Palestine. When such took place in Russia or elsewhere, numbers of Jews escaped to Palestine, and found security and a home there amongst

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

their kinsfolk. There were forty-six Jewish colonies in Palestine before the war. No one ever heard of fights and disturbances at the Wailing Wall, where the Jews wailed regularly week by week. When the Arabs realized the situation, Moslems and Christians united to organize national meetings and protests throughout Palestine. An Arab congress was held at Jerusalem (1919); a second, called, was prohibited by the Administration; a third was held at Haifa (1920); and at the fourth, at Jerusalem (1921), it was decided to send a delegation of Christians and Moslems to England to lay the national case before the British Government and people. Passing through Geneva, the delegates asked for an interview with Mr. (now Lord) Balfour, who was there on League of Nations business; but received the reply that he "had had the honour and the pleasure of seeing Dr. Weissmann recently in London on the question of Palestine." The delegation proceeded to London, where the Prime Minister (Mr. Lloyd George) refused them an interview. When they asked the Government to define its meaning of the words, "a Jewish National Home," they were requested "to see Dr. Weissmann and come to an understanding with him." This they refused to do, on the grounds that they had come to England to negotiate with the Government.

It may be stated here that the Arab Executive, which has figured lately in the papers, is the active and representative element of the whole Palestine-Arab movement; it is composed of Moslems and Christians, and is supported by contributions from all classes and creeds amongst the Arabs. The Moslem Supreme Council, as its name denotes, is a purely Mohammedan body; the two function in perfect harmony, and one secretary serves both. The Palestine Administration has always dealt with the Arab Executive, thereby recognizing its representative character, just as in 1921 the Home Government, through the Colonial Secretary (Mr. Churchill), dealt with the delegation chosen and sent over by the Executive.

I. The Arab Side.—On July 14, 1915, King Hussein named as a condition of Arab support of the Allies,

ZIONISTS AND ARABS

" that they should acknowledge the independence of the Arab countries bounded on the north by Mersina and Adana, up to the 37th degree of latitude; on the east by the frontiers of Persia up to the Persian Gulf; on the south by the Indian Ocean, with the exception of Aden; and on the west by the Red Sea and the Mediterranean up to Mersina." On October 24, 1915, Sir Henry MacMahon (to whom, as High Commissioner for Egypt, the letter was addressed), replied as follows: "I am empowered in the name of the Government of Great Britain to give the following assurances: Great Britain is prepared to recognize and support the independence of the Arabs within the territories included in the limits and boundaries proposed by the Sherif. Regarding the vilayets of Bahdad and Basra, the Arabs will recognize that the established position and interests of Great Britain necessitate special measures of administration and control to secure these territories from foreign aggression." The Arabs say that they fulfilled their pledge, but that the "Balfour Declaration," two years later than the promise given to them through Sir H. MacMahon, has prevented Great Britain from keeping hers.*

II. Balfour Declaration.—The Arabs say that this plan has been tried for eleven years, vast sums of money being expended upon it, and the result has been failure, materially and financially. That Palestine is not yet capable of supporting the large numbers of Zionist immigrants who enter annually. That Palestine being a poor country, extra selective care and discrimination in immigration are imperative; every country, however rich and assured, safeguards itself in this way, and Palestine is heading rapidly for economic ruin, and is becoming a harbour for communists, who are hostile

* "The Arab forces have redeemed the pledges given to Great Britain and we should redeem our pledges." (Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister, in 1919.) "In order to gain the support of the Arabs against the Turks, we, in common with our Allies, made, during the war, another series of pledges to the Arabs of the reconstitution of the Arab nation and as far as possible of the restoration of Arab influence and authority in the conquered provinces." (Mr. Churchill, Colonial Secretary, House of Commons, in 1921.)

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

to British and Arabs alike. That peace and prosperity are impossible unless the Declaration is so interpreted as to become a just and workable proposition.*

III. Evictions in Galilee.—In Turkish days, a wealthy Syrian family bought large areas of land in Galilee, which is the Garden of Palestine; they did not disturb the late fellaheen (peasant-farmer) owners, who continued to live there and work the land as tenants. These lands were bought by the Zionists in 1921, and the fellaheen evicted to make room for Zionist settlers. The compensation given did not remedy the hardship of the case, for the fellaheen are accustomed to working their land in big or small plots, according to circumstances, and living on the produce; cash in hand is speedily used up, for they do not understand its value or investment. Thus large numbers of people find themselves homeless and destitute, and, as a result, cases of brigandage and lawlessness are on the sharp increase—11,000 in 1920, and 27,000 in 1928.

IV. The Concessions.—(a) In 1922, an electrical concession for ninety years was granted to a Mr. Rutenberg, a Russian Jew; Sir Herbert Samuel described this concession "covering the whole territory" (of Palestine) as "a monopoly." (*Daily Telegraph*, May 26, 1922.) The concession relinquished the whole water-power of Palestine to foreign enterprise, whether of an individual or a firm; it implies the control of the water, light, internal working, and future railways of Palestine, a coal-less country in which the supply of fuel and light is an acute problem. Numbers of Jewish labourers have been imported, chiefly from Poland and Russia; of the 900 workmen employed, about 200 are Arabs. It is said that the machinery required has been imported from Germany, no public tender being invited for this. The scheme includes the erection of large power-stations

* "The only cause of unrest in Palestine arises from the Zionist movement and from our promises and pledges in regard to it." (Mr. Churchill, House of Commons, June 14, 1921.) "We believe that, had there been no Jewish question, the Government would have had no political difficulty of any importance to deal with so far as its domestic affairs are concerned. We consider that any anti-British feeling on the part of the Arabs that may have arisen in the country originates in their association of the Government with the furtherance of the policy of Zionism." (Inquiry Report, 1921.)

ZIONISTS AND ARABS

at Jaffa, Haifa, and Tiberias. (b) In 1925 the Crown Agents for the Colonies invited public tenders for the exploitation of the Dead Sea. This strange inland sea, without visible outlet, whose levels rise and fall by causes yet uncertified, possesses great chemical wealth. It contains potash, common salt, magnesium, bromine, and calcium in thousands of millions of tons; the amount of potash yielded annually "would supply the world with 1,000,000 tons a year for 2,000 years. . . . Great subsidiary fertilizer and chemical industries will arise. Soap and glass industries will flourish, railways will be built, and potash can be brought to London at £4 10s. a ton, to bring a renaissance to revive our British agriculture, which, due to the German monopoly and Government neglect, has become the Cinderella of English industrial life." (Lord Templetown, House of Lords, March 20, 1929.) Some mystery hangs about this concession, which has been offered to a Mr. Novomeyski, though a British group had been engaged on research work into the illimitable deposits of the Dead Sea since 1916, and had been told more than once by Government that their plans and tender were the best received.

These are some of the chief grievances of the Arabs; space forbids mention of others, no less urgent and keenly felt, such as the restriction of Arab immigration, the bestowal of the higher Governmental offices upon Zionists and not upon Arabs, the compulsory liquidation of the Agricultural Bank and the consequent enforced sale of Arab land to Zionist bidders, etc.

What do the Arabs want? They ask, first, for the immediate restriction of immigration upon a sound economic basis; the annual influx of Zionist settlers and their families, together with the steady rise in the Arab birthrate, will presently cause an acute economic crisis. Secondly, the formation of a democratic and representative Palestinian Government, functioning through an elected legislative assembly, in which Jews and Arabs will participate in proportion to their numbers. (In 1917 the proportion of Arabs to Jews was nine to one; it is now about six to one.) The attempted elections in Palestine in 1923 fell flat, because the Arabs refused to vote, as they considered the conditions were unfair to

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

them; the whole of this subject is very complicated and involves a number of side issues, all of which count more or less. The mass of Arab opinion is moderate and not anti-British, though they no longer have the ardent affection for and faith in England which they had for years before the war and up to 1917. They do not desire the British to abandon the mandate; but the whole of Arab Palestine is roused and in moments of intense national feeling and excitement the moderate element is often swept aside. The sympathy of the Moslem and Arab peoples throughout the world is with them. I believe it to be true that the Emir Abdullah has warned the Palestine Administration that he could not restrain the Arabs of Trans-Jordania from surging into Palestine if roused; and once the fires are lit, who can say when or how they will be extinguished? Guerilla warfare could be carried on for years amongst the hills and caves and chasms and rocks of Palestine. Bolshevik agents are busy in Palestine, seeking to inflame both Jews and Arabs against England; the writer has been told by friends, British, Jewish, and Arab, of the subversive propaganda being carried on amongst the two latter sections of the population, and of papers and placards inciting them to rise against "British Imperialism" and "British militarism."

We have quoted treaties and declarations and covenants. We will close by quoting from the greatest covenant in our history, and perhaps in all history—the Great Charter which is the world's ideal of liberty, upon which England's ideal of government is built :—

"To no man will we sell—or deny—or *delay* Justice!"

The Aeroplane versus the Mercantile Marine

By Air Commander C. R. Samson
C.M.G., D.S.O., A.F.C. (R.A.F., Retd.)

GREAT BRITAIN depends for her existence upon the Mercantile Marine, and the importance of the unimpeded passage of cargo steamers to this country is every day becoming a more vital factor in our life. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon this point, which is well understood nowadays by even the man in the street.

Up till recent times, the possession of the most powerful navy in the world rendered us able to sleep comfortably, realizing that we were fairly safe from serious risk; but the submarine rudely awakened us to the fact that we were fighting with our backs to the wall. The history of our efforts to combat the submarine demonstrated that we had gone to war practically unprepared to defend our shipping, except against surface craft. Even against the attack of these, we seemed to have forgotten the lessons of the Napoleonic wars, and failed to thoroughly understand the absolute necessity for convoys, with escort.

It is doubtful at the present time, even in the light of our war and post-war experiments, if we could face with reasonable confidence another strong submarine attack upon our mercantile marine. Experience proves that, however powerful and eloquent its protagonists, the large warship is by no means the trustworthy guardian that its ancestors were in the past. Even light cruisers are poor trade route protectors. With the arrival of the aeroplane, our mercantile shipping has an additional enemy to face, and a far more active and elusive one it will prove to counter than was the submarine. However we look upon the question, recent modern warlike inventions have made any small nation in close proximity to one of our main trade routes a very dangerous menace if she has an air force of any size. This is especially so in the Mediterranean, where attack on our merchant shipping is easy to carry out, and interference would cost us dear. This is no idle statement, but a serious fact.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

In the case of powerful nations it is positive that we should be hard put to prevent our merchant ships from being swept out of the Mediterranean, and our Navy would have its work cut out to defend itself, let alone protect the merchant ships, against attack from squadrons of aeroplanes. The straits of Gibraltar and the Malta channel can be compared to narrow defiles overlooked by high mountains; trade routes thus situated are obviously dangerous highways. Whether the League of Nations and the present-day general trend of international politics will be powerful enough to lay down, and also ensure, strict obedience to all fixed rules of warfare, it is difficult to know. At present the uninstructed observer undoubtedly has reason to expect that some adequate result will be obtained from the obviously sincere efforts being made by the Prime Minister and President Hoover to reduce armaments and replace the potent menace of armed force by some pacific method of trial by international judges and jury. Signor Mussolini's speech the other day, however, seems to convey to the average person that different views may be held, and that nations must still maintain adequate force to protect their interests. It is obvious, however, that many years will pass before the human race can be educated to rely upon conference or conversation, whatever you like to call it, in place of military effort to maintain its existence in the face of aggression. If arguments fail, and the International Court cannot insure obedience, then the gloves will be off and fighting will begin. No enemy will fail to strike, with any means in his power, at the largest chink in our armour, which is undoubtedly our merchant ships.

The aeroplane, by which term I include all types of heavier-than-air flying machines, such as aeroplanes proper, seaplanes, etc., will provide our enemies with a most formidable weapon. It has the advantages of: (a) Cheapness of production and operation, (b) rapidity of attack, (c) economy in personnel, (d) ability to elude blockade. There is a powerful school of thought that tend to minimize and even deride the ability of the aeroplane seriously to damage or sink ships. The well-known American experiments, which were described in the

THE AEROPLANE v. THE MERCANTILE MARINE

Press some years ago, proved that warships could be sunk by bombs dropped from aeroplanes. Probably the Admiralty are fully aware of the possibilities. Anyhow it is obvious, from a glance at the published details of new warship construction all over the world, that protective armouring against bombs is incorporated in the design of all new ships. No doubt the latest type of Capital ship or large cruiser, with its strengthened deck plating and adequate underwater protection, may be made fairly safe from aeroplane assault; but the thin-skinned, poorly subdivided merchant ship would certainly be sunk by either the bomb or torpedo. One fact is certain, that the advance in aeroplane design permits of far larger bombs to be carried than was the case in the war. The enormous D.O.X., built by Herr Dornier, can carry nine tons of useful load for 500 miles.

Before discussing the strategy and tactics of aeroplane attack on merchant ships, it is as well to consider briefly the armament that the aeroplane could carry. Neglecting gas, of which no doubt the possibilities are immense, we have the gun, the bomb and the torpedo. Each possesses certain advantages and disadvantages, and their uses have been frequently demonstrated to the public and discussed in the Press. The gun has not had as much advertisement as the other weapons and has been little used up to date. It will, however, one day have to be seriously considered as an aeroplane weapon, as it possesses certain advantages of accuracy and rapidity of fire; also more ammunition can be carried for it, and replenishments made from advanced bases without as complete an organization as for the other weapons. It has, of course, less hitting power than the bomb or torpedo; but against a merchant ship the gun in time will become an effective weapon. Specially designed guns, with adequate recoil systems and fairly low muzzle velocity, and firing 40 to 50 pound shells, could no doubt be carried in specially designed aeroplanes of large size. The effect of projectiles of this size striking a merchant ship at angles of anything between 30 degrees and the vertical would be considerable.

Before leaving the gun, we should realize that the advent of the large German Flying-Boat has opened the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

eyes of aeroplane constructors to the practicability of even larger craft, although in the past several experts seemed to hold the opinion that large sizes were not possible. The utility of the aerial bomb has been proved by the war, and needs no further discussion except to repeat the well-known fact that, provided correct type fuses are used, as much or even more damage can be achieved by close misses as by actual hits on the targets. With the torpedo every nation has had plenty of experience. It was very little used, however, by aeroplanes in the war, principally due to a lack of appreciation of all the problems entailed in discharging this weapon; also inefficient seaplanes available for the work.

It was always astonishing to several people why the Germans gave up using the torpedo after their first efforts against merchant shipping in the North Sea. The History of Zeebrugge seaplane station, written by a German officer, explains a good deal of the difficulties they encountered, but does not adduce sufficient reasons for their total abandonment of this powerful engine of destruction.

The strategy of an enemy using air-power against our trade will, of course, vary with the geographical position of his country and colonies in relation to Great Britain and our main trade routes. At a first glance, it seems that the ideal spots upon which to concentrate the attack are our home ports, where will be found the largest collection of targets as well as other advantages. In most cases, however, the range will be too great. In addition it is apparent that we shall or should make every effort adequately to defend these vital spots by gun, searchlight and fighter aeroplane, with the essential ground personnel and equipment, in position, ready to function efficiently at the outbreak of war. It is doubtful, therefore, if an enemy will consider it economical in effort to expose his weakly armed bombers against our specialist fighter aeroplanes, backed up by the ground defences.

That it should be part of our policy to improve the "Fighters" and augment their numbers is one of the obvious developments of Home Defence that we should

THE AEROPLANE v. THE MERCANTILE MARINE

not grudge to pay for. It is to be expected, therefore, that the principal effort will be made against our trade in zones that provide the enemy with (a) inadequate initial defence, (b) numerous targets, (c) targets within easy reach of his air bases. There are many such zones: a few that can be mentioned are the straits of Gibraltar, Malta channel, exits of the Suez Canal. It is unnecessary to delve into the tactics of attack in these areas, which are within close aeroplane range of hostile territory, as attacks can be launched of many hundreds of aeroplanes from well-equipped bases.

It is as well to remember that the aeroplane has altered the strategical importance of several territories: some have gained in importance, others have lessened their value. More interesting to investigate are the methods likely to be adopted in attacking the open sea water, such as the passage between Ceylon and Aden, and the voyage between South America and England. Shipping on these routes could only be attacked as a general rule by aeroplanes which are operated by one of the following methods: (a) Aircraft carriers, (b) auxiliary aircraft carriers, (c) airship carriers, (d) long range flying-boats.

Aircraft carriers, which can carry and work from 60 to 100 aeroplanes of all types, will, on the trade routes, be terrible engines of destruction, as they combine the ordinary powers of the light cruiser with the increased hitting radius of about 150 miles conferred by their aeroplanes. There is at present one drawback to the employment of aircraft carriers as commerce destroyers: this is the limitation of the tonnage permissible for any power to build. This makes it doubtful if a naval power would denude its fleets of aeroplane co-operation, which would be largely the case if the carriers were on detached service. Probably, however, an enemy well knowing our Achilles heel would consider that the importance of commerce destruction outweighed other considerations, and therefore launch the carriers against our shipping. It might be argued that these vessels, by reason of their large target area and comparatively weak gun armament, would be easy prey to light cruisers; but "first you have to catch your goose"—the difficulty of this was shown in

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

the case of the "Emden"—then you have to undertake "the cooking of the goose." This might well be found to be a tough job, as the aircraft carrier can develop immense hitting power by the employment of her bombing and torpedo aeroplanes at ranges far in excess of the cruiser's artillery. I think the majority of experienced people would consider that the cruiser would be seriously damaged, if not sunk, before she got within gun range of the carrier. The correct strategy is undoubtedly to build a number of small carriers instead of a few large ones. The Americans have come to this conclusion; doubtless, other nations will follow these lines. When relations between nations get strained, the enemy will dispatch a number of these carriers to cruise in the selected areas, where they can begin operations immediately war is declared. The most efficient antidote to the carrier is to hunt for it with a similar vessel, as thus we shall have equal scouting range, also ability to launch bomb and torpedo attack at long range. It therefore seems that our battle squadrons must sacrifice to a certain degree our carrier strength, which should be stationed in peace-time in close proximity to our main trade routes ready to clear the seas of the enemy's carriers or at least to hamper their operations.

The auxiliary carrier, by which I mean a vessel which is rapidly adapted from existing types of merchant ships, will play a big part in commerce destruction, and to a lesser degree in protection. In these days of ships with internal combustion engines and the rapidly gaining popularity amongst foreign Powers of using aeroplanes and seaplanes flying off mail steamers, the conversion of these ships is a much simpler problem than is the case with steamers. The setting loose on the trade routes of a number of these vessels, each carrying a few aeroplanes, is a serious problem that cannot be lightly set aside, especially as these vessels will be legitimately carrying aeroplanes in their ordinary civil vocations. No doubt the majority of them will be compelled to use seaplanes, as at the present moment a clear flying deck is required for deck alightments, although ascent can be easily accomplished by the provision of a short runway or by

THE AEROPLANE v. THE MERCANTILE MARINE

means of a catapult. This will reduce their scope to fairly calm weather.

There is no reason why a possibly future hostile nation should not construct a number of merchant ships with flush upper decks, as the future trend of ship design will permit of vertical funnels being abandoned. They would thus possess a number of embryonic carriers. The large airship can, of course, be used as an aeroplane carrier: several experiments of this type of work have been made public both in this country and America; but I doubt if the airship can ever be a serious war machine, as they are practically helpless when within reach of aeroplanes. At least this is the view of the aeroplane man, although the airship people hold other views.

The last method, using large flying-boats, is no doubt a promising field. These vessels—and they can be rightly termed flying vessels—will work either from an established base or from sea-going tenders lurking in unfrequented localities. The everyday advance in the capabilities of flying-boats must make every student of warfare alter his views on their utility. To repeat myself, I again refer to the latest German production, the Dornier D.O.X., which has 12 engines of about 500 horse-power, and has flown carrying 169 people.

The Junkers' firm have now produced a smaller craft with two engines of 800 horse power and 2 of 400 horse-power; but this craft has certain advantages over the D.O.X. as the engines are housed within the planes. This is undoubtedly the correct method of installation, as, by this means, parasitic head-resistance is reduced, and access to the engines can be obtained in flight far more easily than with exposed engines. Reduction in the number of engines will soon be obtained by the introduction of new types with a greater horse-power output. It is obvious that the less engines for the total required horse power you have, the better will be your performance. It is absurd to think that these German machines have reached the high-level mark of size or performance; vast strides will be made now the lead has been given.

The death of Commander Porte was an undoubted blow to the advance of flying-boats in this country. He

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

was a man of great energy and vision, whose services were practically unrewarded. His widow received a most meagre sum from the Government. It must be remembered that he designed the 135-foot span 5-engined Felixstowe Fury that flew in 1919. It is a fact that stagnation occurred after his death.

With these few remarks about flying-boats, it is evident that we must expect in the near future that these craft can carry a good load of warlike weapons—bombs, guns, or torpedoes, probably an assortment of all. Two or three of these craft working from the Maldives or Laccadive Islands would play havoc with the Indian Ocean trade. These flying-boats will be most difficult targets for fighter aeroplanes to attack, as presumably they will carry a very powerful machine gun armament. I do not, however, intend to go into the question of air fighting, as this is particularly a service matter, and I might be tempted to discuss information I have gained through my service experience.

I have now mentioned the main lines of ocean attack on merchant ships. There are, of course, several others, but the ones I have written about are sufficient to demonstrate that we must be prepared for a bad time. The question now arises: How are we going to defend our merchant ships?

Surely we cannot afford to leave this important question to be solved in our ordinary British way of waiting until the situation gets serious before acting.

There is no weapon so rapid in its execution as the aeroplane. We have the words of that great soldier, the late Marshal Foch, who pointed out this fact; therefore to counter it we must have well-laid plans, capable of being put into operation as soon as hostilities begin; otherwise serious risk of defeat looms in the offing.

Two features stand out: (1) Our ordinary peace-time naval routine of policing the trade routes with cruisers is entirely useless against air attack, (2) the cover provided for our trade by our capital ships is inoperative in the same case. History proves that we must follow the usual main lines to achieve success: (a) Cover, (b) convoys adequately escorted, (c) raiders swept off the open seas, (d) the channel kept clear of privateers. The cover will no doubt be provided by the presence of

THE AEROPLANE v. THE MERCANTILE MARINE

our aircraft carriers reinforced by cruisers patrolling focal points of our trade routes.

The convoy, with its escort, is a very ticklish problem. If the escort is not efficient, it is far better to do away with convoys and trust to routing and dispersal. It is imperative that we should attempt to solve this question of convoy and escort, and I will try to do so.

First, we must instruct our mercantile marine officers by the aid of short courses, and by literature, on the methods to be employed to defend their ships and the types of aerial attack they will have to meet.

Secondly, we must be prepared at our home and main colonial ports with adequate armament, and a certain number of active service personnel ready to embark upon our merchant ships.

Thirdly, we must have on foreign stations a certain number of properly designed escort ships.

Working on these main lines we may achieve some measure of success, which experience should develop into efficient defence. The armament required is undoubtedly an anti-aircraft gun for each ship, with special instruments. One active service rating with anti-aircraft training is an absolute minimum per ship. In many merchant ships there may be a difficulty in mounting the anti-aircraft gun so that a clear field of fire is obtained, and this can only be found out by tests. As I have mentioned previously, internal-combustion driven ships, which have certain advantages, are now being built in large numbers.

Organization of the convoy's anti-aircraft fire is an essential for success, as independent fire from each ship will be of little use; therefore some system of fire control must be organized. In a convoy of 20 or more ships, fairly good results could be obtained by each ship being given a certain altitude at which to open fire. In certain ships of the convoy an experienced officer should be carried, who would be responsible for the fire of the ships. Certain steaming formations, which experience will prove advisable, will undoubtedly be discovered.

Escort vessels of a specialized type are absolutely essential. This is a most important matter, as, unless the vessel employed is suited for the work, she is practically useless—in fact, a danger. The ship suggested

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

is of fairly small size, probably slightly larger than a sloop, with internal-combustion power plant, and a clear upper deck on which are mounted anti-aircraft guns and anti-aircraft searchlights. A certain number of the guns should be capable of horizontal fire in order that they can be used against submarines or surface craft.

It is desirable that the escort ship should carry a few fighter aeroplanes; but this might be difficult to arrange for in view of the Washington Agreement, which limits total carrier tonnage. There seems no reason why a number of these ships should not carry out the ordinary peace-time routine work of the Royal Navy on certain foreign stations, like the Persian Gulf. They could certainly carry out the same type of work as is done by the sloops, with the advantage of being of great assistance in war, whereas the sloop is practically useless. The convoy would then have some hopes of beating off aeroplane attacks.

Defence against night attack will be difficult to arrange, and it seems that night passages through dangerous localities should be avoided. Smoke screens may be of utility by day, but smoke is a two-edged tool, and it might blanket our guns more than it interferes with the aeroplane.

The problem of our channel traffic would be immensely simplified if we could divert practically the whole of it to West Coast ports; but this is impossible as the internal economy of Great Britain is so specialized and our communications and distribution arrangements so bad that we could not close London as a port without causing practical starvation to the large area it serves. In addition our West Coast ports could not deal with the increased cargo volume.

Finally, it is certain that we cannot afford to go to war totally unprepared to defend our merchant shipping. The aeroplane will strike hard, and strike rapidly, thus allowing us little time to instal counter measures. Whilst we all desire universal peace, and very few of those who fought in the last war would like to go through it again, we must, until war is made impossible, be prepared to face the problem of our very existence, and the sooner we do so, the better shall we be prepared.

The Last Phase

(Memoirs of Baron Wrangel)*

By Professor Charles Sarolea

THE title of this fascinating book is misleading. It contains both much more and much less than is implied in it. The author, whose death in the prime of life was an irreparable blow to the Russian cause, has not been content to add one more volume to the ever-swelling literature of war reminiscences. The book does not, like the recent memoirs of his father, narrate the personal adventures of the writer. There is not a trace of egotism in it. Indeed, as is the way with soldiers, Baron Wrangel has kept his personality out of the book except where it was absolutely necessary for the understanding of facts. For all the difference it would have made, he might have written, in the third person, like Xenophon in his *Anabasis*, or Cæsar in his *Commentaries*, of which these memoirs often remind us.

On the other hand, the book has an historical importance and an intrinsic value which far exceed that of a mere autobiography, however thrilling. It is an absolutely truthful record of the last stand of the last Russian army which challenged the tyranny of Bolshevism. And it is a record by the one witness who was best qualified to give it. The narrative takes us from the moment when General Denikin, the commander-in-chief of the Southern White army, launched his offensive against Moscow with such wonderful initial success, down to the pitiful evacuation of the Crimea when 100,000 starving Russian soldiers and 50,000 civilians left Sebastopol on a fleet of French transports.

Although the narrative is packed with human interest, it must be admitted that it is a most depressing story. Entering on his task, the writer might have inscribed on the frontispiece of his book the motto which Dante inscribed on the Gate of his *Inferno*: "Voi ch'entrate, lasciate ogni speranza!" "All ye that enter, give up all hope!" Even those readers whose sensibilities have been blunted by the atrocities of the world war will be harrowed by the constantly recurring descriptions of

* "The Memoirs of General Wrangel." Williams & Norgate, 21s.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

devastation and looting, of bestiality and cannibalism. One seems to travel back for hundreds of years to the days of Tamburlaine the Great. And one learns to realize why it is that civil war is so infinitely more cruel than foreign war.

But it is not merely the horrors of the internecine struggle which make Baron Wrangel's memoirs such heartrending reading. What adds to the depression is the fact that all those terrible sufferings, those hecatombs of millions of human lives have apparently been in vain. We fail to see anywhere any plan or purpose. The Bolsheviks seem to have had it all their own way. Most readers indeed may carry away the impression that the successive disasters which befell the various White armies, were inevitable from the beginning, that the triumph of the Red armies was a foregone conclusion and that it would have been far better for the Russian people if they had submitted to the inevitable.

A more careful reading of the memoirs of Baron Wrangel will however correct that first impression. It is not true that Judenitch or Koltchak, Denikin or Wrangel, were leading a forlorn hope. The collapse of the White armies was not a tragedy of inexorable destiny. Rather was it a tragedy of military incompetence on the part of most of the Russian commanders and of criminal ignorance on the part of European statesmen. But for that incompetence and that ignorance, Bolshevism would have been suppressed in Russia, even as it was suppressed in Germany and Bavaria, in Hungary and in the Baltic provinces, in Finland and in Poland.

When, in 1918, one Russian province after another spontaneously rose against Moscow, the insurrection seemed assured of success. Certainly all the odds seemed to be against the Bolsheviks. They were only an insignificant minority, barely one per cent. of the total population. Once the Bolsheviks revealed themselves in their true colours, the Russian masses became bitterly hostile. The Reds were surrounded by an iron circle of domestic and foreign enemies who were in occupation of the Ukraine and of all the richest parts of Russian territory. There can be no doubt that, if there had been any co-ordination between the White armies, if a leader had arisen who would have taken advantage of his opportunities, and if, on the other hand, the allies had

THE LAST PHASE

supported the cause of European civilization, Bolshevism could not have survived for six months.

Unfortunately, no dominating Russian personality did arise. And when, at the eleventh hour, he did reveal himself, it was too late. To make his situation more desperate, Baron Wrangel was deserted by Europe.

If the reader feels inclined to think that I am exaggerating the chances of the anti-Bolshevist enterprise, it is sufficient to recall that, notwithstanding the lack of competent leadership, notwithstanding the inadequate assistance of the European allies, yet the Southern armies very nearly succeeded in 1920 in destroying the forces which were opposed to them. Sweeping all over southern and central Russia, General Denikin drove back the Bolshevist hordes as far as Orel, which was within striking distance of Moscow, even as the northern army of Judenitch advanced within striking distance of Petrograd. At this critical moment the obvious strategy for Denikin would have been to concentrate all his available forces. But incredible though it may seem, instead of concentrating, the Russian commander-in-chief divided and dispersed his forces over an enormous expanse of territory from the Dnieper to the Volga. As if the task of occupying 1,000,000 square miles with bad roads and with a hopelessly inadequate transport and commissariat did not already constitute a sufficiently difficult problem, the Commander-in-chief perpetrated the unpardonable blunder of attempting the march to Moscow along three divergent routes. Little wonder that under such conditions the advance failed and that the White army broke down within 100 miles of the Bolshevist Capital.

The catastrophe which arrested the triumphal march of General Denikin confirms one of the perennial lessons of military history. It proves, once more, that in the achievements of war, even as in the achievements of civilian statesmanship, the one factor that counts is personality. Throughout the centuries we find that the currents of history are deflected simply because at a particular moment a personality appears or because it fails to appear. Contrary to the fallacy which Tolstoy has so eloquently elaborated in "War and Peace"—what is conducive to success in warfare is not the army, however brave and however numerous. The one decisive

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

factor is the supreme command. The army is only the chess board. The commander is the chess player who wins or loses in the terrible game of life and death. It was not the Prussian armies who won the Seven Years' War, it was the genius of Frederick the Great. And the proof is that those selfsame Prussian soldiers were led to victory by Frederick the Great, whilst they were led to disaster by his successors. Similarly it was not the French legions who won the epic battles of the Empire, it was the genius of Napoleon. And the proof is that whenever and wherever Napoleon was absent, for instance in the Peninsular war, the invincible French legions were beaten. Even so in the world war, it is obvious that it was not the millions of Tommies and Poilus with all their gallantry who broke the power of Germany. It was the genius of Marshal Foch. And the proof is that until the Allied armies were all brought under the leadership of the French General, their overwhelming numerical superiority proved of no avail.

The same eternal lesson of military history was, alas ! verified in the Russian civil war. It is true that, in 1920, the Bolshevists seemed to be at their last gasp. It is true that all the chances seemed to be against them. It is true that they were threatened on every frontier. But the Reds had one formidable superiority over the Whites; they were under one united command and that command was extraordinarily able. And it was that superiority in leadership and organization which decided the issue.

The tragedy of the Russian final collapse is all the more poignant because we know in the light of later events that the Heaven-born leader was even then available. Baron Wrangel possessed all those qualities in which the commander-in-chief of the Southern army, General Denikin, was so signally deficient. Although he already had behind him a brilliant career of twenty years of service in every theatre of the war*, he was in the

* The fascinating reminiscences of Baron Nicolas Wrangel "From Serfdom to Bolshevism," of which a French translation was published by the Librairie Plon, Paris, contain the following reference to, and synopsis of, the military career of his more brilliant son :—" A telegram was waiting for me. My son was safe and had been decorated with the Order of Saint George, the supreme reward of a Russian soldier. It was the beginning of his career. Three months after, he was a Colonel, aide-de-camp of the Emperor. Then, in the course of the war, he became in succession Brigadier, Commander of a division and Commander of a

THE LAST PHASE

prime of life. He still retained all the vitality and the nerve of youth. Although he was an irreconcilable enemy of Bolshevism, yet he was no reactionary. He had been brought up in the tradition of Russian liberalism and he was fully prepared to conciliate and win over the peasantry of Russia by securing them in the possession of the land which they had stolen. Although he was a man of the most kindly disposition he was a stern disciplinarian. At a time when discipline had ceased to exist, when looting and pillaging were rampant even in the White armies, he never hesitated to punish the evildoers with merciless severity. He was never afraid to take risks. He had, in ample measure, that moral courage which in soldiers is so much rarer than physical courage. Endowed with a magnificent presence, he was a man of tremendous energy. He was pre-eminently what the Germans call a "Willensmensch." In the darkest hour he retained his constitutional optimism. Those who had the privilege of his acquaintance in his retirement, know that even the trials of exile and poverty had not succeeded in suppressing his animal spirits. But what was perhaps the most important of all his gifts, General Wrangel possessed that mysterious, undefinable something which we are content to call personal magnetism and which, more than any other bond, attaches the army to its leader.

With such a rare combination of qualities, Baron Wrangel was the one chief who might have saved a desperate situation. Unfortunately he remained almost until the end in a subordinate command where he had no power to influence events. It is true that even in that subordinate position he achieved conspicuous successes, and inflicted grievous losses on the enemy. But none of those local victories in the Caucasus or on the Volga could affect the final issue. Denikin clung on to a position to which he was hopelessly unequal. He only resigned when the situation had become hopeless. He only deserted the ship when it was already sinking. It is a proof of the indomitable energy and the optimistic, cavalry corps. When the pettifogging lawyer Kerensky became commander-in-chief of the Russian army, my son was dismissed the service. After the debacle he was arrested and sentenced to death by the Bolsheviks. He was only saved by the heroism of his wife. He then joined the anti-Bolshevik army and first commanded, in succession, a mixed detachment, then a division, then the Caucasian army, then the Volunteer army, until he was finally promoted commander-in-chief."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

sanguine temperament of Baron Wrangel that he should have agreed to take over the supreme command under such terrible circumstances. And it is also a proof of the spell which he exerted on his followers that he should have succeeded in inducing his army to continue the struggle when the Whites were obviously driven to the wall.

General Wrangel's optimism might even then have justified itself and the situation might after all have been retrieved, if at this critical moment he had not been betrayed by the British Government. Scarcely had he taken over Denikin's succession when Great Britain intimated her decision to withdraw from the struggle and her desire to open peace negotiations with the bolshevists. And she made that clear at the very moment when France had officially recognized the new commander as the head of the Russian Government. The withdrawal of Great Britain was the last shattering blow. The White army could not fight without British assistance. Wrangel was without money, without munitions, without food or clothing. The betrayal by Great Britain could only mean one thing, the end of the struggle.

To-day, in the eyes of every patriotic Russian, Mr. Lloyd George stands out as the incarnation of the evil one, as the "archtraitor" who helped the Bolsheviks to victory. One may sympathize with the bitter feelings of the Russians. They forget, however, that the head of the Coalition Government could not help himself, that he was faced with inextricable domestic difficulties, that he was blackmailed by the Labour Party and was threatened with a general strike. They also forget that whatever may have been the responsibility of Mr. Lloyd George in the catastrophe, Russian opinion has shifted the responsibility on the wrong shoulders. If we are justified in condemning the British policy, then I submit that there is one British politician who was far more responsible than Mr. Lloyd George, and that politician was Lord Curzon. As Foreign Secretary, he had the direction of foreign policy. As a Conservative, he had a temperamental abhorrence of Bolshevism. As a lifelong expert of Russian and Eastern problems, he understood the intricacies of the Russian situation. He, at any rate, might have known that an effective British intervention,

THE LAST PHASE

even at the eleventh hour, might have saved Russia just as even a very limited French intervention actually did save Poland. He must have disapproved of the course taken by his chief. And if he disapproved of it, his duty was to resign. Unfortunately, Lord Curzon was not the kind of man that wants to resign. He remained at the helm and he submitted to a policy which he knew could only lead to disaster, just as on many previous occasions and especially in the appalling tragedy of Smyrna he submitted to policies which he deliberately condemned. The unvarnished truth is that Lord Curzon, with all his brilliant qualities, was the victim of his one besetting sin as a politician, of his overmastering ambition, his inordinate love of power. He could not, and would not, surrender office. George Nathaniel Curzon could not live out of the limelight. And thus it came about that this diehard, reactionary "statesman" proved in the end the staunchest ally of the Bolshevik tyranny.

The memoirs of Baron Wrangel will help to open our eyes to the truth about "the last phase." For the last ten years we have been talking about the Russian "Mystery" and we have been wondering why a few hundred thousand criminals, madmen and fanatics, should have been allowed to get a stranglehold of the Russian people, why Bolshevism should have succeeded in entrenching itself and perpetuating itself in Russia, whereas it was driven back in every other country. After reading Wrangel's narrative there will not remain much mystery about it. Let us candidly and humbly admit the melancholy fact that Great Britain has been largely to blame for the collapse. A dark fatality seems indeed to have dogged the relations between Great Britain and her Russian allies from the beginning to the end of the war. At the beginning of the war the criminal blunder of allowing the "Goeben" and the "Breslau" to force the Dardanelles, although the navies of Great Britain and France had the command of the Mediterranean, isolated Russia from her allies and left her to fight her battles in tragic isolation. At the end of the war, Great Britain deserted that section of the Russian people who had stuck loyally to the allied cause. And, by betraying the White armies, we insured the triumph of the forces of darkness.

“This Way to the Pit!”

By John Shand

OF a certain respectable and sober citizen of London it is told that in his youth he frequented playhouses, against the wishes of his parents. One day, while he waited for a friend, he was startled by the raucous voice of one who cried aloud repeatedly, “This way to the Pit! This way to the Pit!” He had often heard these words; but this time they awoke a conscience too long asleep and, like Bunyan’s Pilgrim, he saw that he was near one of the mouths of hell. Appalled by the peril of which he had exposed his soul, he fled and was never seen again to enter a theatre.

I was reminded of this story while reading an essay called “The House of Satan” by Mr. George Jean Nathan, the most amusing and erudite dramatic critic in America. He begins by stating that “It has always been the mission of the theatre to reduce, in so far as lay within its power, the manners and morals of the community.” His first intention, I suspect, was to amuse his metropolitan readers by adopting with ironic smile the attitude of a modern Jeremy Collier, and thus to bring forward the facts for a pretended belief that the theatre is indeed the devil’s peculiar habitation. But he found it so much against the spirit of the time, so great a contradiction to his own life-long absorption in the drama to prove, even for a joke, anything he thought so untrue, that he gave up the task before he had set pen to paper. My guess may be completely out, for it is tempting to think what pleasure such an essay would have given me; but certainly there was something that held back Mr. Nathan from making more than a very short and feeble attempt to live up to such a heading as “The House of Satan.” He goes no further than to say that the influence of the theatre must be evil because “all dramatic critics lead immoral lives,” and because “not only the drama, but all art is immoral.” The first remark is designed for a laugh, and certainly deserves one, since he spends four pages in facetiously

THIS WAY TO THE PIT!

quoting tit-bits from the lives of critics and playwrights which suitably support it. And he suggests that "all art is immoral" because "the effect of all truly great art is to induce in the beholder a sense of inferiority, a sense of the pettiness and futility of his own life. It stings him to the quick, challenges him, jeers at him. . . ." This is so contrary to experience that I cannot see the humour of it. If a work of art makes us feel humble, it is inaccurate, not funny, to imply that humility is synonymous with a sense of inferiority.

Although I am sorry that Mr. Nathan could not or would not write the essay I was waiting for, I think he was wise to avoid it. A natural perversity of mind like that which Anatole France sometimes displayed would be required to carry the weighty jest with an air of ease; as in *Thais*, where the character of the sainted monk is held up for our loathing with such careful malice that a simple soul might well believe the intention was quite opposite. Nor can I write the essay myself, having small gift for irony, and believing that it is a double-edged weapon in any case and likely to hurt the user, unless he is sustained by real passion, as Swift was. And in these days to hope for the appearance of a genuine Jeremy Collier to attack the stage would be absurd—and perhaps unwise; for the fanatic spirit of America might create him, which would be mightily disconcerting. But I think I will risk supplying such a person with ammunition; indeed, it might be a good thing if he came and used it. In this country, where art and entertainment—chiefly the latter, of course—are complacently regarded as main sources of amusement and instruction; where cinemas, theatres and broadcasting, gramophones, picture galleries, concerts, pianolas, music-halls and books, not to mention the myriad forms of sport, provide such a surfeit of pleasure for the whole people as would horrify our ancestors and make even Rome in her decline stare and gape, it might come to the majority as a healthy surprise to hear what a number of fine and serious minds have damned the theatre, and most arts and entertainments, as dangers to a strong nation, and infallible signs of decadence where they prevail. The voice of any prosecuting counsel has long been silent, whelmed by a

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

blaring publicity that takes hold of everything—food, fire, shelter and amusement, and rams it down our throats. And the arts are sold like any other merchandise, and only those few examples of plays and books and pictures which offend against the current code of conventional morality are condemned; the rest, good, bad, but mostly indifferent, is proffered with a butcher's "Buy, buy, buy!" No one calls in question this huge output and consumption of amusement; it is treated as something entirely right and good, with increasing complacency as it grows in extent.

Let me, then, without pretence of righteousness, and even, being a child of my age, with a smile of mystification, bring forward some evidence of a sterner attitude towards the artist and the entertainer; but chiefly as it touches the theatre, since it is my subject.

One might make a start by way of a book which Mr. Nathan mentions, and so I suppose has read: A. B. Walkley's "Drama and Life," in which it is pointed out that "for certain types of mind—types as varied as Plato's, Kingsley's, Pascal's—the drama has always been immoral because it is not directly and deliberately moral. They cannot abide 'the play mood,' the suspension of the serious business of living, which is the mood demanded by the drama. The deadliest attacks on the theatre have come . . . from those who urged that the drama, as an art, in its essence, was immoral. . . . Rousseau's famous letter, "Sur Les Spectacles" is, despite its crotchets and exaggerations, one of the most formidable cases against the theatre ever penned." Here, at once, are some imposing authorities to help show us the theatre as a diabolic institution, as a short way to the pit. Plato, Pascal, Rousseau: an interesting trio, but merely the vanguard of an army of important people standing solidly behind them.

By itself, Rousseau's letter provides some excellent material, as might be expected from Walkley's description. He calls it famous; famous it may be, but familiar it is not. I will not be frightened by a word from extracting some of it here, for in the course of much reading about the drama, Walkley is the first person I have met who has even mentioned it. It is a wonder

THIS WAY TO THE PIT!

that Mr. Nathan did not make use of "Sur Les Spectacles"; if he has not read it, he may be assured it makes good reading. The style is clear; the arguments surrounded by interesting examples; the tone good-humoured, although indignation smoulders behind it; and if it is very lengthy and full of digressions, yet Rousseau's arrangement of his facts will delight any skilled debater. On the whole, the writer keeps within certain well-defined limits, for his chief aim was a local one. He wished to prove to "M. D'Alembert à Paris" only that the building of a theatre, the performance in it of plays of which the chief ingredients were gallantry, intrigues, gaudy costumes and love, and the arrival of loose-living players in the small and sober republic of Geneva would demoralize its hard-working, God-fearing citizens. Having stated and defended this opinion very strongly, Rousseau is quite willing to admit, in a delightfully back-handed way, that "in a great city, abounding with idle and intriguing people, who have neither religion nor principles, and whose imagination, depraved by too much leisure, by excessive wants, by inordinate love of pleasure, engenders nothing but mischief and prompts to every kind of villainy: As to keep such people from their occupations is to keep them from doing harm, the hours they spend at the theatre and in gossip at coffee-houses are an advantage." This barbed admission of the value of playhouses in capital cities is a pleasant touch of humour, and thus places Rousseau far apart from the run of Puritans, who are too fierce or too unintelligent to be humorous.

There is a general idea—fostered probably by Hamlet's words—that in being, as it were, a mirror held up to nature, the drama has at least one virtue; but Rousseau is pleased to use this to attack the theatre. It is true, he says, that the stage often gives a moving picture of the human passions, the original of which is imprinted in every heart; but, he adds, "if the painter does not take care to flatter those passions, the spectators will soon be offended, not choosing to see their faces in such light as must render them contemptible to themselves. He may draw some in odious colours, but only such as are exceptional, and are naturally hated. Let us not

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

then attribute to the stage the power of changing opinions and manners when it has only that of following or heightening them. An author who offends against the general taste had better cease to write, for he will have no audience." This thrust is not easy to parry, and Rousseau is ready for the more obvious answers to it. It is also clever of him to use for his attack what many people have observed: That the heart is often more affected by imaginary than by real evils, and that a tragedy will sometimes command more tears than would be shed over some actual calamity, or some living representatives of misery or misfortune. In the case of great plays one would say that this is because the artist has made us see and understand what we might not have seen and understood by ourselves; but the uncomfortable Rousseau will have it that we enjoy having a good cry in the theatre because there our grief is pure and without alloy of inquietude, and we thus discharge the duties of humanity vicariously. "Real miseries require more than tears, involve us in troubles from which we would willingly be exempt." Certainly, one has noticed that those people who can most easily find tears for some sad romancy tale, or are quickest in their anger over the printed details of some remediable wrong, are least able to find pity and charity when they are faced with a real object for compassion.

These are but a few points from Rousseau's letter. He takes many pages, of course, to deplore the fact that dramatists spend most of their time and all their talents in describing monstrous crimes or in heightening the charms of love, which has the evil effect of increasing the power of women's influence over the masculine point of view. This is still topical, indeed prophetic, when we see the theatres of England and America three parts filled with women, who entirely forbid the dramatization of such a masculine attitude towards sex as was shown by the Restoration dramatist; and as for the "horrid crimes," no one needs to be reminded that the crime play is one of the most popular forms of entertainment. But I must spend no more time with Rousseau or I shall be doing what he did when he wrote his epistle to D'Alembert—intending to pen a few pages, he found

THIS WAY TO THE PIT!

himself at the end with a moderate-sized book in his hand.

That dramatists hardly ever keep far from the subject of love and lust has been, is, and, I suppose, always will be, true; and the fact provides one of the most vulnerable places for the attack on the theatre. It is implied by nine plays out of ten that the chief occupation of a man's life is whether he shall have or lose this or that woman; and the chief occupation of a woman's life whether she is going to lose this or that man or take possession of him. This is nonsensically untrue to life, as Mr. Bernard Shaw was always fiercely pointing out when he first began to write about the theatre; and if it is untrue to life, what becomes of the drama's boasted virtue as a mirror? Obviously it is a false mirror, choosing to reflect a few things only, and distorting the value of these things out of all proportion. To those who take it seriously, especially the young, much play-going cannot be good, and may do much harm. Good heavens, let us all be thankful that very few people find it possible to take the ordinary current drama seriously, as, indeed, a mirror held up to nature, for what a terrible world it would be if human beings began to behave like the average collection of *dramatis personæ*! It would be a place wherein sane persons could no longer dwell.

This is an ineradicable fault in dramatic art. Why, the very word "tragedy" comes from a Greek word meaning "goat-song," and always the playhouse smells rank of that wanton animal, according to the doctrine of Salvian, who holds that in the representation of amorous embraces the whole audience are mental love-makers. Xenophon goes even further than Salvian for, says he, what goes on in the mind will come out in the flesh, which makes the theatre something for which one has no polite name. Of course, Xenophon does not put it so plainly as I have suggested, for he has the gift of implying his meaning in some neat parable; as in that story of the Syracusan boy and girl who acted the loves of Bacchus and Ariadne. He tells how that the boy entered like Bacchus, with a pipe before him, playing a riotous tune. Then came the girl as Ariadne, gorgeously apparelled like a bride, who sat down before the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

audience. She did not come dancing to meet the god, nor rise from her seat, but made such signs as told him he might easily please her. Bacchus began to express his passion in his dance, and drawing nearer, soon embraced her. Then Bacchus and Ariadne rose up and danced together until, after a while, there was nothing to be seen but kissing and embracing. At this the spectators applauded, for the players were handsome, and did not act as if they personated a passion, but seemed to kiss in good earnest, as though they loved each other. So that the audience beheld them with great attention to the end, when those that were single swore they would marry, and those that were married immediately took horse and flew back to their wives. . . . If the Puritan denouncers of the drama were able to illustrate a contention as prettily as that, they would make better reading.

It was this same Xenophon who praised the Persians for not suffering their youths to hear comedies. And beside him stand such worthies as Cicero, who inveighed against plays as the plague of society, and Livy, who is certain that playgoing does more harm to the mind than the pestilence to the body. Seneca said straight out that the theatre was an annexe of the brothel, and complains that the Roman youth were corrupted by the encouragement given to the stage by Nero; and if Suetonius is to be believed, even Nero had at last to suppress the theatres, owing to the many commotions they caused. The playhouses (until these respectable times, that is) have always been ready places for riots and hotbeds for conspiracies. Many an English theatre has been wrecked merely because the audience did not like the play, and Stow, for instance, relates stories of many plots, rebellions, and other wickednesses hatched in Tudor theatres. Marcus Aurelius testifies that in his times so many tumults were started by plays and players that he was forced to forbid them; and Tacitus relates that Tiberius made the same order. Socrates once said that the drama was a pernicious pastime—which so annoyed Aristophanes that he satirized the philosopher in a play. This probably confirmed Socrates in his opinion of the stage. Ovid, that wanton poet, tells

THIS WAY TO THE PIT!

Augustus that theatres are the nurseries of vice, and advises him to demolish them all. Propertius exclaims against them as the cause of his first departure from the path of virtue; Solon condemns them as evils not to be endured in a law-abiding city. Lycurgus absolutely prohibited the performance of plays in Sparta, and Scipio said that the walls of Rome would be small defence if the morals of its citizens were debauched by the building of theatres.

The Fathers of the Church were, of course, of one mind on the subject. Tertullian firmly believed that the devil invented the theatre as a special and peculiarly good bait for luring souls to everlasting destruction. Saint Chrysostom agreed with him, and denounced all plays as diabolical entertainments. Saint Austin pointed to the fact that the Roman virtue knew nothing of such satanical fables as plays for four hundred years, when they were introduced to tickle the jaded palates of sensualists, thus setting the canker which grew into the monstrous entertainments of the arena; and he is unkind enough to add that for a Christian to give charity to so damned a being as an actor, unless he was at the point of starving, was a deadly sin. Perfectly agreeable to all these denunciations were the ecclesiastical councils and synods; right down the centuries they have thundered with all their might against the theatre, have chanted loud comminations over its obstinate refusal to die. Well might they think that the devil's in't. As early Anno Domini as 305, the Council of Eliberis ordered those who lent garments to adorn plays or who even so much as spoke to a player to be excommunicated for three years; and any Christian who was so desperately wicked as to marry a player was damned eternally—unless the stage was immediately renounced. The Council of Arles in the year 314, of Laodicea in 364, of Hippo in 393, of Africa in 408, of Carthage in 419, to mention no more, laid down similar laws. Jump a couple of centuries or so to the Councils of Constantinople, Nice, and Tours, and we find them in perfect accord with the sentiments of their predecessors. Increase the jump, make it a thousand years, and the tale is still the same; the Council of Cologne, A.D. 1549, is denouncing the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

theatre like the rest, and that of Milan in 1560 is going so far as to try to banish all players, tumblers, jugglers, and jesters out of the country....

One need not go into details of the many and persistent attacks, in each generation and in every country, based on the private lives of the players. Those who denounced the theatre by such means did not seem to realize that as much evidence of evil living could be brought against priests, politicians and gingerbread bakers, and would be as worthless as a means of judging the value of their professions to the community. It is merely amusing, for instance, to read an eighteenth-century writer condemning the theatre in the persons of various notorious actors and actresses, such as the actress "who always played virtuous women, though she had ten bastards"; such as the actor—a contemporary of Cibber—"who debauched Mrs. Rogers, the daughter of a clergyman famous for his good sermons." One can only wonder whether the offence would have been less heinous in the eyes of pamphleteer had the reverend gentleman preached less well, or had the actress who simulated virtue so cleverly been blessed with not quite so many illegitimate offspring. Nevertheless, one cannot help remembering that until recent years almost every nation in the world has regarded the player as something not quite so bad, to be sure, as a murderer, but certainly not much better than a highwayman. One recalls Horace Walpole's terse contempt for the young lady who ran off to marry O'Brien. To have run off with an actor was "the completion of disgrace—even a footman were preferable." Roscius was the most famous player in the world, yet Cicero lamented that so worthy a man should follow so base a calling, one in which a person had to pretend to what he did not feel and speak what he did not believe.

One of the favourite methods of attacking the theatre is to take plays one by one and show how subversive they mostly are to all religion, morality, common sense, and normal behaviour. One thinks such a method futile while the plays discussed are so; but when the list grows longer and longer, and begins to include the masterpieces, if it still seems futile, it certainly becomes interesting.

THIS WAY TO THE PIT!

Hamlet, for example, induces us to believe that it would have been right for the Prince to have killed Claudius—though murder is a deadly sin; and *Othello* ennobles the idea of suicide—which is the worst sin of all. *Antony and Cleopatra*, so far from persuading us that Antony was wrong to desert the work of a conqueror for luxurious feasting with an amorous gypsy, makes us suspect that the world was well lost for her. And so on. The list, as I say, grows so long that one is bound to confess that for those people who think it wrong to see even the representation of things which are forbidden as evil—murder, robbery, torture, adultery, horrid crimes of all sorts, including every kind of amorous intrigue, and blasphemy—attendance at the playhouse must naturally be regarded as a sin. And who will say that they are absolutely wrong? Even when the comedies are included in the interdiction? For, as one Puritan rather sweepingly described the whole catalogue: "Fornication is the foundation of them all."

But all these are but petty cannon in comparison with the mine which is sprung by those who hold that the drama as an art, in its essence, is immoral. It is necessary here to be quite conscious of the distinction between drama and religion. We are always being told that the drama sprang from religious ritual; but the difference between parent and child is an absolute one. For religion is the direct expression of the impulse to perfection or completion; and in this bearing the religious man is his own actor, and in dance, song, and ritual he directly expresses his aspirations. Thus, ritual does not represent life, but is life. The ritualist does the thing he desires, he does not contemplate it. It is only when life abates its urgency, when we come down from these heights, that we wish to see (and remain satisfied with seeing) the *representation* of our emotions, and create an art through which we may contemplate and try to understand life, thereby restoring ourselves to our primitive unity of being. And if this argument has any validity at all, it follows that if a man is completely expressed and therefore satisfied with what he does, he does not require any mimic representation of it. The Puritan denunciation of the theatre as godless is, in this sense, strictly accurate; the drama does

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

not offer life, but a simulacrum of it, and at best offers but "apparent pictures of unapparent natures" which the Puritan insists should be known by experience and not by representation.

But after all, to be less serious, one can easily maintain that all the arts are a proof of the degeneracy of the human species; for if man had not by the Fall and its fatal consequences forfeited his first exalted condition, he would never have occasion for art to supply him with illusory satisfactions or to remedy by instruction the imbecility of his nature. And if one can maintain that art in general is proof of the weakness and sinfulness of our fallen state, then theatrical art must surely be allowed to be the height and summit of corruption, since it shows Man to man. That is to say, it shows a debased creature to himself, exhibits him as in himself he horribly, pathetically is; and by laying before him all the abuses to which the depravity of his nature must subject him, renders him still more prone to do evil. . . .

Can one smile any longer at that certain respectable and sober citizen of London, who fled from the theatre when he heard repeatedly bellowed in his ear that ambiguous phrase, "This way to the Pit!"? If one can, the smile may at least now be tempered with a few doubts.

Parodies

By Hugh Kingsmill

Lewis Carroll

A Contemporary Portrait by Fr—nk H—rr—s

MAN has hardly begun as yet to map out the chart of his own mind. The wisest are brought to pause if you ask them to account for even so common a phenomenon as laughter. Is it rooted in cruelty, as this professor declares, or is it a mere mechanical explosion of arrested energy, as that pundit shall inform you with unsmiling countenance? For the life of me I have never been able to take this kind of speculation seriously. Vauvenargues has an illuminating word. "All great thoughts," he tells us, "come from the heart," and your so-called philosopher is for the most part sadly to seek where the heart, or, indeed, any other vital organ, is in question. In this matter of laughter especially we may without remorse leave Dryasdust to darken obscurity with an array of meaningless polysyllables, and astonish the many by thickening mist to fog.

But there are two or three things which need to be said about humour as at present understood in this twentieth-century England of ours, and, to begin with, what are my own credentials for speaking on this matter at all?

Bernard Shaw, in the preface to his "Dark Lady of the Sonnets," told the world that I was among the first to rate Wilde's humour at its proper value. True, in the same breath he denies to my own work any trace of that super-excellent ingredient. I am not, however, disposed to quarrel with Shaw on this score. Praise of any kind from a contemporary is so rare that I accept Shaw's tribute with becoming gratitude, while leaving it to him to explain if he can by what process of magic a man is enabled to divine in others a quality not resident

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

in himself. Blake's word is the true one :—

Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know.

Shaw, I am very much afraid, has not yet climbed to the Blake level.

But Shaw's tribute is worth quoting, because, when all's said, he remains the outstanding humorist of our day and generation. With this praise of his before me I am at last emboldened to bring to parturition an avowal I've been in travail with ever since I returned to England in the early 'eighties. Outside Shakespeare, most English humour bores me to extinction! True, "Gulliver's Travels" has surpassing merit, and there's an astringent quality in Dryden's best work which acts as a preservative, so to speak, against oblivion. There are flirts of gay fancy, too, in Goldsmith and Sheridan; and Lamb, even, wins us now and again to a pitiful smile with this or that tear-drenched whimsy.

But these masters are already half-forgotten, and for the modern favourites I have nothing but condemnation. Dickens wearies me beyond endurance, his puppets make me yawn! And the Barries, with their Little Marys, are even more contemptible. A kneeling subservience to place and position, coupled with a meticulous regard for the proprieties, is the hall-mark of your typical English humorist. Maupassant is unthinkable in England, and were Heine to show his nose in twentieth-century London, your judges on the bench would promptly clap him into gaol for blasphemy and indecency. And even if he escaped that fate, the best houses would of a surety be closed against him because "the fellow's such an outsider, don't you know."

And while England would mete out this kind of treatment to a Heine, a Lewis Carroll comes to astounding triumph, winning even Royalty to admiring surrender. What is the explanation of this dreadful anomaly? The question is of highest import, for the nation which stones its prophets may cut a big figure for a time, but its final ruin is assured, as England will yet have to learn, unless she repents in season.

It was, I think, in the 'seventies that Lewis Carroll

PARODIES

took London by storm with his Alice books. The boom, at any rate, was in full swing when I returned to England in the 'eighties. I paid little attention to the craze at first, for the success of the day and hour has never interested me. But the obsession seemed to increase in virulence with each year, till it became well-nigh impossible to open a paper or hear a politician talk without being plagued by the Walrus, the White Queen, the Jabberwock, and all the rest of the unspeakable company. At last I was compelled to see that Lewis Carroll stood in intimate relation to the common mind of England here at the close of the nineteenth century. What was the clue to the unholy mystery? The books alone could tell me, and I turned perforce to their perusal.

I had already learnt from Hans Andersen that a story ostensibly written for children may embalm in its secret essence the bitter wisdom of maturity. Who that has ever read it can forget the Ugly Duckling, and there is an apologue of a king riding naked through his capital which carries the sting of truth in its tail. But even to mention Andersen in the same breath as Carroll is an insult to the charming Dane. Was there ever, I cried to myself, such meaningless drivel? Until I picked Alice up I had always maintained in and out of season that Theodore Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin" marked the furthest throw of human imbecility. Carroll's Humpty-Dumptyes and White Rabbits brought me to wondering doubt, and at last I was fain to admit that Watts-Dunton had more than met his master.

I resolved to purge my mind of Carroll. I would not even think of him again. It is good for no man to take scorn to bed with him and for Carroll I had nothing but impatient-bitter condemnation.

A chance encounter brought me to better wisdom, and a heightened recognition of the folly of all unqualified condemnations. Yet the encounter itself, strangely enough, passed off anything but smoothly. But here's the story and I'll leave it to teach its own lesson.

It was at Lady Jeune's one evening, or was it Lady Shrewsbury? Lady Jeune, surely, but the place doesn't matter. A bevy of beautiful women had clustered round some person, and there was a happy ripple of jest

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and laughter. Presently the bees began to flutter off in search of other honey. I recognized one of them, a Miss M——, a superb beauty, long-limbed and deep-breasted, a veritable Saxon goddess. I stopped her, I don't know why, and asked her who the lucky man was.

"That's Lewis Carroll," she laughed. "Alice, you know. Such a dear, but absurdly shy."

"I heard laughter," I retorted.

"Oh, that was the Duchess of ——. She was teasing the poor man. But why don't you judge him for yourself? He is hardly ever in London. You won't get another chance. Or are you afraid?"

The blue eyes held me with a mocking challenge.

"Desperately afraid," I answered gravely. "But fear exists to be mastered. Would you introduce me?"

"Surely!" she cried, and a moment later my fair companion had flitted away, leaving me alone with Carroll.

Carroll's outward made me gasp. So this was England's master humorist, this prim cleric, with tight lips and peevish eyes!

"I had no idea you were a parson," I cried. "No wonder your humour is so amiable—innocuous. I begin to understand your success."

He moved irritably and barked out, "I never discuss my writings."

His tone shocked me, but at once came the pricking doubt. Had I failed in courtesy? Had I betrayed my contempt? The thought was intolerable. Could I find the healing word?

"Please forgive me!" I cried. "I had no idea ——" It came to me that he was from Oxford, had lived there most of his life, was certain therefore to have met Oscar Wilde, and might have a new view of him. True, Oscar had just gone to prison; his name therefore was taboo in our high-minded society. But Carroll was a clergyman, and at that time I still looked for Christian virtues in the priests of Christ. He was a humorist to boot, or thought himself one. Oscar, I told myself, was the reconciling theme.

"You know Oscar, of course?" I questioned, "and I

PARODIES

suppose like the rest of us have yielded to his irresistible seduction."

He knit fretful brows. "Oscar? I don't know whom you mean."

"I mean Oscar Wilde. We who are still his friends speak of him as Oscar, simply."

"I know nothing about him," he squeaked. "I never knew him. I resent, I very much resent . . ."

He sunk into a chair and passed a hand over his brow.

I stared at him blankly. What did it mean, this shrill rage and dismay? I thought of Peter's denial, passionate repudiation bottomed on panic terror. Could that be the explanation? I had no wish to probe the mystery. The man didn't interest me sufficiently. But I was moved by his palpable distress, and cast about for some safer topic. There were features in Oxford's student life which had always shocked me, accustomed as I was to the freedom of American and Continental universities. Carroll's special knowledge might help me to a clearer understanding.

"I have been informed," I began, "that the authorities at Oxford keep the students strictly to heel where women are concerned. A barbarous relic, surely, of the purblind mediæval sex-attitude. Unwise, too, it seems to me, even from the prudential standpoint. Hot youth will find its way, and I daresay you could furnish me with a score of instances where this don's pretty daughter or that professor's charming wife has taken pity on your manacled youngsters, and come too near the fire to escape with unscorched wings. The temptation to play preceptress to impatient youth cannot but be strong in any case, but the knowledge that desire is being whipped to frenzy by these insensate prohibitions must, I imagine, make the students irresistibly seductive to your woman-kind."

I had already noticed that the room was wretchedly ventilated. Now, to my horror, Carroll, overcome by the close atmosphere, swayed forward in his chair. I caught him instantly, laid him on the floor, and undid his collar. A crowd poured in on us from all quarters. I dispatched one of them for brandy, and in a few minutes

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

I had revived Carroll sufficiently to allow of his being supported from the room by some woman friend or other; a niece, I think, but my notes give me no help on this point. Carroll and I never met again, I don't know why.

Somehow or other this encounter stuck in my mind. Carroll had made a worse than miserable impression on me, yet there was the fact of his success, palpable, insistent. Why couldn't I solve the riddle? My eyes were as good as most men's, surely! I determined to give them one more chance, and turned to Alice again.

For a time I was afraid my failure would be even more complete than at the first reading. I could not stomach the drivel at any price. The humour seemed to me inane, futile, and Alice herself utterly unrealized—mere wood! Did Carroll see her as a child, or, as I should have preferred, a girl of thirteen or so, at that age when awkwardness itself is adorable, beginning to take on the entrancing curves of womanhood? Carroll gives the reader no indication. Nor does the book hold any compensating thought. True, he tells us somewhere or other that, "everything's got a moral if only you can find it," but Plato saw the same truth two thousand years ago, and the Athenian wins us to intimate acceptance by virtue of his passionate conviction where the Oxford professor chills with an insipid—meagre *ipse dixit*.

It is perhaps worth noting that Carroll puts this solitary gleam of insight into the mouth of a duchess. No wonder he came to triumph in England!

I was about to put away the book in despair when a phrase caught my eye. I read on and interest quickened. Alice is in the company of the White Knight, and, in spite of the inane word-play, I began to sense in the sketch of the Knight a certain intimate quality as of self-portrayal. The following passage put the matter beyond doubt:

"So saying, he stopped his horse and let the reins fall on its neck; then, slowly beating time with one hand, and with a faint smile lighting up his gentle, foolish face, as if he enjoyed the music of his song, he began."

That "gentle, foolish face" is conclusive. There is a sad sincerity in the phrase which stops the heart with pity.

PARODIES

But the next paragraph is even more revealing. Here are its opening sentences. They deserve a most careful perusal.

"Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey through the Looking Glass, this was the one that she always remembered most clearly. Years afterwards she could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday, the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the knight. . . ."

Here, if anywhere, Carroll paints his very soul. The White Knight is neither more nor less idiotic than any other dreary puppet in the book. There is no conceivable reason why Alice should remember him with any particularity. But Carroll does not, or will not, see this. He has identified himself with the Knight, and is resolved for this once to touch, if only in imagination, a girl's fancy, leave behind a little ache of regret. Was there ever such a confession of impotence and vain longing for love? The pity of it—deeper than tears!

No wonder the English, with their dread of passion, took the poor sexless don to their heart! I understood his triumph at last. He was so safe!

Madame Ville D'Aubier

By Gordon Daviot

I PUT down the newspaper feeling empty and rather sick, as though someone had hit me in the wind. Outside, the white dead moors stared blankly back at me as the train trailed its slow length across the Grampians. The hills stood withdrawn and cold and magnificent. Even the winter sunlight that lit them to beauty could not make them less aloof, less symbolic of eternity. And suddenly the chugging train with its load of little mortals, each busy with his own futilities, was somehow heart-breakingly pathetic. If we were to count so little, it was surely unfair that we should suffer so much.

I was conscious that the man opposite murmured a polite request and took the paper from my knee, but I did not answer. I was remembering that summer morning and smelling the lilac and the hot *croissants*. Late spring, it was, hardly summer, and we had spent a whole morning wandering in the woods near Paris; those dear stage-scenery woods, so naïve in their first green, so conventionally wild. Michael, whose latest picture was not "marching," had been upset by the sight of the chestnut tree that dreamed in the sun below the studio window. He had hurled his palette into a corner, stuck his hat on the back of his head, and asked me if we had enough money to take us out of this damned sewer (Paris) so that we could see more trees and forget that we had ever scraped a palette or shoved a pen. Long before we had passed the fortifications, of course, he had regained his good humour and his zest for life, and we dawdled along the forest paths in a content that was nearly ecstatic, making for nowhere in particular and finding all that came good. We met no one—only the birds were alive there, it seemed—but now and then we would come suddenly upon small villages in clearings. So sudden were they and so still in the morning sunlight that they had the quality of an apparition. An enchantment was upon the woods

MADAME VILLE D'AUBIER

this morning. Over the high, white, secretive walls of the villas the lilac hung motionless, and the air was sweet with its flowering. Laburnum dripped in pale showers behind wrought-iron gates that might have guarded a fairy tale. It was as if a wanton word or a careless movement might break a spell, and the vision vanish into the limbo of things that are too good to be true.

At noon we walked into Ville d'Aubier, drunk with satisfaction and very hungry. Here, too, the lilac and the laburnum drooped over the walls, but we were satiated with beauty and wanted food. The street was deserted except for two dogs, and with a clairvoyance born of famine I saw that Ville d'Aubier shorn of its blossom would be a commonplace and deadly dull little village. A search for an eating-place revealed nothing better than a solitary baker's shop, and even that had nothing at all in the window.

"They'll have bread, anyhow," said Mike, and we went in.

The shop had a counter and one marble-topped table, but there was no sign of food anywhere. As we sat down, a woman came through the door at the back and crossed the little room slowly towards us. She was middle-aged and heavily-built and pale, and she wore the habitual black of the French working woman. Her sullen face was quite expressionless, but there was something oddly hostile, almost intimidating, in her immobility.

"Yes, messieurs?" she said.

We asked what we could have to eat.

There was nothing, she said. They did not bake to-day.

But, Michael explained, if we did not have something quickly, we should die on her doorstep, and she would not like to have that happen.

She did not smile. If we liked to wait, she said, her son was making *croissants* and we could have some of them.

"Good!" said Mike. "We will have *croissants* and coffee."

She could not supply coffee, she said. She did not

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

cater except in the summer. We could have lemonade, if we wished.

Even Michael was daunted by her antagonism. He consented to the lemonade. And as she turned to go, I saw that a man was standing in the doorway at the back, watching. He was youngish, and dressed in floury grey overalls. But it was not at us that he was looking, as one would have expected; it was at the woman. He watched her in silence as she came up to him, and passed beyond him into the dark passage. As soon as she had passed, he turned quickly on his heel and followed. And as they went out of sight, he said something in a rapid undertone. The sentence was too low and too rapid for us to catch the words, but the tone was unmistakable; it was either a reproof or a threat.

Mike had turned to watch her go, and now sat with his head screwed round, gazing at the black doorway. He, too, had been arrested by something strange in the atmosphere.

"The Gorgon is not very accommodating," was all the comment he made, however.

Presently she came back with the hot *croissants* and the lemonade—a sufficiently vile mixture, but we were in no state to care whether our bacon had beans or not. I made a conventional remark about the glorious weather, hoping to dissolve her, if not into talk, at least into some semblance of amiability. She agreed, without looking at me and without altering the dead tones of her voice, that it was very fine. Suddenly Michael, whose French is better than mine, said in English:

"You are not French."

"No," she replied. "I am a Londoner."

She had not raised her eyes from the *croissants*, but the bitterness—I had almost said, the venom—in her voice staggered us as much as if she had lifted her thick white hand and hit us. She turned away without looking at us and without waiting for Michael's rejoinder, and I noticed that the man had come to the door again.

And all at once I wanted to get out of the place. Something I did not understand was happening here. The air was thick with it, bulged with it as air does

MADAME VILLE D'AUBIER

before an explosion. We were being crushed and pressed down by the potency of someone's misery, and it was as if at any moment that pressure of misery might burst the thing that held it. I wanted to get away before something happened. I had the unreasoning uneasiness that I always have when I am close to a dynamo.

We ate quickly and without remark. Even Mike, I thought, was anxious to be gone. In answer to our summons the man came, and we paid him. He gave us a fleeting unpleasant smile and retired into the back regions without bidding us good-day or waiting to see us go.

Out in the sunlight and walking down the white road among the blossoming trees the horror faded and the thing seemed merely strange. We marvelled mildly at our reception.

"The lady is not a good daughter of France, that is evident," Michael said.

I thought of Ville d'Aubier in the winter time: the black dripping days in that narrow street buried in the woods, when no one came from the outside world and few stirred in the village. Did she miss even yet the comfort of traffic and lights and companionship?

"But she has a son," I said aloud.

"You saw him," Mike remarked. "He didn't look much of a widow's comfort."

"Do you think she hated us because we were English? Or does she hate all the world?"

Mike said she probably hated folk coming in when she was busy with the washing. And with that there was born a tacit agreement to be flippant about the affair; though we both knew that Mike's remark was nonsense. It was not a mood that had darkened the woman's face, nor a brewing squall that had poisoned the laden atmosphere.

In the months that followed, Madame Ville d'Aubier, as Mike called her, passed into legend for us. We would say "as cheerful as Madame Ville d'Aubier," or "as hospitable as Madame Ville d'Aubier." And gradually the reality faded into the legend. When her name was mentioned, a faint discomfort crossed

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

the surface of my mind, but it was as impalpable and as fleeting as a gull's shadow on the sea.

And now——

"A cold country, even in summer," said my companion, indicating the white moors that I was still staring at. "As cold and self-contained as the people."

"They have the reputation of being less so than ourselves," I reminded him.

"I don't think there's much to pick and choose. We are both thoroughly insular, I suppose. 'Insulated' is a better word." He chuckled happily. "I don't wonder the continental people find us cold fish. You never catch us running amok. Like this, for instance."

He held up the paper and flipped it with careless finger-tips, and I caught sight of the headlines again. "Triple Murder at Ville d'Aubier. Woman Kills Husband and Two Sons."

"Only a Frenchwoman goes in for wholesale murder like that. We have too good a sense of proportion."

What was the use? Why spoil his insulated comfort?

"I expect we have," I said.

The door crashed open. "Taking luncheon, sir?" said the attendant.

And we went to luncheon, watched by the staring indifferent hills.

The Significance of Italian Art

By Horace Shipp

IN an age when catch-penny journalism has made us wary of such terms as "marvellous," "stupendous," "phenomenal," "record-breaking," and their fellows, one feels a little shy of using them on the rare occasions when they would, in fact, apply. Of the Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House they may safely be written, however. The attendance of 40,000 people during the first week, the organization of the whole exhibition, the value in mere money of the treasures truly invaluable, the supreme value in beauty; every aspect is a call for superlatives. In the instance of the Dutch Exhibition many of us dared to lament a rather patchy greatness as we wandered from the high achievement of Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer and the few supreme masters to the mediocrity of the innumerable minor artists who followed. Moreover, the Flemish Exhibition of the year before had taken the Primitives of the Low Countries, so that Dutch art was virtually left with the fleeting brilliance of the seventeenth century. With these Italians the case is different. Their art joins hands with the Byzantine in its dim beginnings; it reflects the life and thought of the country in Europe where life and thought were most vivid through the four hundred years during which modern culture was established; it gives us, even in its decadence, the exuberance of the baroque and the final quiet beauty of the landscape painters of the eighteenth century. For six hundred years it traffics in masterpieces, and it is one of the triumphs of this exhibition that no part of that long period nor any master of note in it but is worthily represented.

Indeed, in one respect, I think the exhibition conveys a false impression, in that the masters of the decline are represented by such good works that we incline to think Guido Reni always painted such masterpieces as the "Atalanta" and the lovely "Portrait of his Mother," or that Caravaggio invariably achieved such work as the "David." At some risk of being rebuked for lack of appreciation of a period which is enjoying a vogue of current favour, but remembering galleries crowded with baroque limbiness, I assert that the good taste of the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

selection committee has been too kind to the masters of this school. Actually, they had minds like Hollywood (Caravaggio, indeed, with his genius for "stunt" lighting effects would have made a fortune for any film company) and it is this element probably which accounts for the enthusiasm for their work to-day.

These columns, however, are no place either to describe the exhibition or to attempt revaluations of schools and separate masters. Innumerable newspaper articles and almost innumerable books have essayed that task. It will be more fruitful here to glance at the significance this Italian art has in the whole evolution of Western European art and thought; to regard it as the creator of standards; to inquire whether those standards hold for our own day.

All culture, all art, and all the life of which culture and art are reflections, reveal a continual warfare between the traditions and encroaching new conceptions. The traditionalist cries "anarchy" against the new; the rebels cry "tyranny" against the old. We have it in literature, we have it in the theatre, we have it in music, in painting and sculpture, because we have it in life itself, and because this warfare is the way of human evolution. A study of these hundreds of years of Italian art reveals the operation of exactly the same law. It was a time of rapid change, as the whole mediæval conception of mind and senses subject to spirit gave place to Renaissance belief with its apotheosis of man in a world consecrated to his needs. During that change every accepted value passed away; science was born, nationalism was born, democracy in its modern sense was born, protestantism was born; and the love and understanding of the human body and of the sensuous world were reborn.

As these new conceptions fought with the old in art, every master was a rebel and to some extent an iconoclast; and seen thus, Italian art is a history of triumphant rebellion. Looking again, we see that every master was first a disciple of the old, and when he departed from it, became the setter-up of new standards; and in this light, Italian art is a history of great traditions. As it happened, the spirit of that age, in art at least, was remarkably tolerant to the influx of new ideas. Now and again the church took fright at the increasing worldliness of the work which the

SIGNIFICANCE OF ITALIAN ART

artists did; but more often they, too, were so caught up in the stream of evolution that they accepted it as a true expression of their thoughts. So, with less disturbance than we might expect, art left the golden heavens of Byzantine dream and mediæval worship, came to earth and showed men and Nature as they were, conquered perspective, chiaroscuro and anatomy, in the search for realistic representation, and after four hundred years attained its end so well that almost all it had to tell along these lines was said.

From then until nearly our own day it has echoed that achievement. Landscape painting has gone further; but in figure and subject painting, which is the great glory of Italian art, no one has surpassed Michelangelo, Leonardo, Raphael, Titian. Botticelli, with his curiously subtle and modern mind, began to tread that path of subjectivism which interests itself in depicting an idea of the mind rather than a fact of sight. He deliberately distorted his figures for the sake of the rhythms of his compositions, as you will see if you study his drawings. Since Impressionism towards the end of last century directed almost all art along this path, we have grown increasingly to admire this master, who had suffered centuries of neglect because of this very quality of mind. Again, we find that to-day our minds are appealed to by the primitive painters, whose simplicity of statement, decorative loveliness and symbolism mean more to us than the objective truth to fact of many of the masters of the High Renaissance. And again the reason is the same: that in art we have tended to react from the purely objective.

So we return to the fundamental of that warfare between tradition and rebellion. During the long yesterday of the Italian Renaissance art made a triumphant rebellion against traditions and in turn set up new traditions. To-day art seeks new avenues to different ends. Shock tactics, short cuts and poor technique will not avail the rebels, any more than abuse in the name of the established will avail the traditionalists. But if the new has its roots in the basic thought of its period, it will yield its fruit as this other did in its own great day.

Some Modern Street Entertainers

By Oliver Warner

RIGHT up until the beginning of the present century, when the age of machinery began in grim earnest to claim even the high-road as its perquisite, the street-entertainer flourished. The Middle Ages knew him, more often perhaps as beggar than as entertainer, but, even so, with a grisly show of sores to display. He flourished in every country in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in the nineteenth. Suddenly, with the bicycle and motor age his sun seemed to set; he existed, but with little of his pristine vigour. The war almost killed him. After the war—alas—came a resurrection of unhappy beggars, and then, gradually, street entertaining revived, though not with any great strength. It suffers to-day, as it is bound to do, from the increasing scurry which modern streets present, and it is regarded as often as not as a pleasant archaism rather than as an integral part of the life of any great city.

The entertainer has, nevertheless, a definite if minor art to express; one, moreover, if incapable of the greatest heights, yet of the utmost freedom. The world is, indeed, his oyster. His, too, is the only art which people not only pay to see or hear, but, on occasion, pay to be excused. His endeavour is to arouse merriment—on occasion even, frank laughter—or a thrill of a purer emotion (for instance high sentiment, as in the Highland pipes) or pity. Pity is the commonest, and the least praiseworthy, aim; in its more active form it is the complete ruin of any art the entertainer may possess, although indeed there is an art in being piteous.

The entertainment which will most readily occur to anyone of the present day is the barrel-organ. This is an unhappy instrument. In itself, its limitations are severe; they amount to four or five popular tunes. Even variation in the pace of these tunes is limited, for—as anyone inexperienced in the art of organ-grinding can soon discover—it needs a steady and relentless arm to

SOME MODERN STREET ENTERTAINERS

achieve harmony, and a pace once begun must be rigidly adhered to.

No conscientious entertainer is, however, content with a mere barrel-organ; he must embellish it. Either he employs fancy dress, stains his face black and apes the coon, or, if he is an Italian, retains his ear-rings and gay clothes (if a woman, a baby), or he employs an animal as an assistant; a monkey if he is out to amuse, a dog if his purpose is to wring hearts. The organ is, indeed, an excellent background. There are those, for instance, who step-dance on foot-boards to its jangling, and those who play on tambourines. At the seaside, it has been known to serve quite adequately as a dance-band. It has, unhappily, poor relations which demand less skill or less effort—relations which are employed invariably by the piteous. For instance, there is the wheeled gramophone, which is sometimes the cloak of poverty so dire as not to afford the amenities of a proper organ, sometimes the token of a pride in ownership, but at best an implement without gaiety, a parade of sorrow rather than a weapon against it.

Akin to the organ is the rarer harmonium, requiring at least some real skill. Rarer still is the pony-drawn piano, a modern innovation, generally played by a musician with some technical virtuosity, and usually a drawer of crowds. The piano has, however, an air of sophistication which no street entertainment should possess.

If not in numbers, first in honour, among street entertainments is undoubtedly the traditional Punch-and-Judy Show, which requires an intricate technique of its own, and one, moreover, which expresses a most authentic, if minor, histrionic art. Sentimentally, it is a pity that Punch is now so rare in our streets: actually, it may be questioned whether his influence, macabre as it undoubtedly was, did not, in his heyday, do more harm than good. Children, who follow his brutal career with the keenest zest, are cruel enough by nature. But he is, when he is occasionally to be seen in a side-street, a poignant reminder of other centuries. He is the Grand Guignol of the streets.

Next to the Punch-and-Judy Shows in merit come,

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

perhaps, the "national" entertainers: the Scot with his pipes and, just lately, the Welsh singers who, face to face, chant their rousing national choruses by the street-side. It is said that the depression in the mines has brought them to London, and they at any rate are an acquisition, for they can sing like men.

The German band, that windy ferocity, has gone, but in its place has come its English counterpart, generally manned by ex-Service men, and not afraid of achieving some of its best effects by marching. It is always adequately organized, and has all the professionalism of those which it has replaced. Its feeling for music is not, however, quite so worthy of an old tradition. Moreover, the English band, and those who play upon and sing to harmoniums, are but too well aware of the appeal of "The Londonderry Air," which they have slain with innuendoes.

Apart from these general entertainers, there are specialized branches which seem to flourish to-day as much as ever before. The first are the pavement-artists whose favourite haunts are, appropriately enough, generally within hail of the great picture galleries. These again, have often most genuine merit. The second are the theatre-queue entertainers, among whom are very versatile geniuses. All will remember the soulful negro with a penchant for certain speeches from *Othello*; the rhymster with a facility for embodying names of plays into his soliloquy; the contortionist who, one would have thought, would have had little difficulty in finding engagements upon the more legitimate stage; the cornet player; and many other glib performers.

Then there are those weird men who are to be seen opposite the Garrick Theatre, at the bottom of Charing Cross Road; the men who release themselves from chains, and the orators who, giving forth air themselves, too often, alas, address the air alone. As street entertainers they serve their Hyde Park apprenticeship.

The individualists are of course without number. Among the most celebrated in present-day London are, perhaps, the man with the magpies, who plays—frequently in St. Martin's Lane—upon a tinkling instrument of his own device, apparently to the birds' delight;

SOME MODERN STREET ENTERTAINERS

the man who plays most skilfully upon the hand-bells; the man, newly come into the arena, who, with pogo-stick and other weird instruments, is a humble follower of the hectic art of Mr. Charles Chaplin; the Earl's Court harpist, who plays by night to the rows of tall depressing houses, with real art; the venerable, almost apostolic, singer who warbles in Bayswater Squares, walking—bolt upright despite his great age—always in the middle of the road; the genteel lady who, wearing black gloves, has a moving but monotonous passion for the beautiful spring, and a hundred others. Each district has its speciality.

Lastly come the buskers. The word is dying out in many parts of London, and signifies one who sings outside a public-house for drinks. His public, like his quest, is a limited one, but his ancestry is remote. His instrument is, traditionally, the banjo.

Each of us has been guilty of swearing heartily at the street entertainer. He is a ruiner of peace, and even if an artist, he is a nuisance and a drain upon the purse; but he is, at least, a reminder of times past, and we should doubtless miss him were he to disappear for ever from the gutter.

The Squire

By P. Hoole Jackson

HE was in the hey-day of his late prime when I was a child, and if you want his portrait, you will find it in any of those roisterous, coloured prints which depict rosy-faced gentlemen of pleasant proportions standing with their backs to the kind of fires that only a Cræsus could afford today.

He was a bachelor, but he had no foibles about women, delighting rather in having their pretty draperies trailing about the dim corridors of his old house. Nor did I ever hear him inveigh against the matrimonial state, even in jest, and when others grumbled at the improvidence of some young local hind marrying on his fifteen shillings a week, Ralston would laugh and say: "Oh, hang it, I'd marry myself if I were so poor; that's the time you need a woman."

Usually the time of my arrival at his house was about duskfall. The railway station was eight miles away; and a stiff Derbyshire eight at that; but his dog-cart always met us, and, tucked by the side of my aunt on that exalted, view-allowing throne, we bowled from fading daylight to dusk, and from dusk to darkness before the twin-lights of his windows could be discerned on the hillside.

An old house; high-walled around, so that, though the windows were visible three miles away at night, they were hidden on nearer approach. Poplars, Scotch firs, and tough evergreens heightened the seclusion of the walls; but within was a sheltered garden that could produce roses almost up to Christmas time. The dank, sweet scents of autumn linger still in my memory; and the sight of the long ray of light issuing from the open doorway across the mossy drive wakened some hazy notion in my head that the gate of Paradise would be as warm and friendly welcome to the eye.

"Well, Jane . . ." and he would kiss my aunt on both cheeks, "is she all right?"

THE SQUIRE

My aunt would whisper something, and his fine face often grew dark and sad; but he would dismiss the mood and turn to me, unbuttoning my coat, and helping me out of the wraps that enveloped me like a young mummy.

"Well, youngster, sorry you came, I suppose . . . come into the dining-room when you're ready, Jane." And thither we would go while my aunt made her toilet.

The dining-room always had odours as characteristic in my mind as those of the outer world in this, to me, delectable spot. Lazily, from the hearth-rug, two spaniels would rise and stretch, and come and lick my hands, too tired after their day on the moors to be more than indolently affectionate.

"Down, Spot . . . down, Rover"; and at his voice they would wag tails that stood "half-mast" as though unsure whether he were jesting or really stern. There would be a slight tang of tobacco mingled with a suggestion of "dog" in that room, which an open window had not quite dispelled.

"They oughtn't to be in here, John," my aunt would say, coming down fresh and pretty in her evening frock, but she fondled their heads as she spoke, and he only smiled.

"So she's all right, eh, all right, you're *sure*?" My aunt would look up at him, for he overtopped her frail grace by some inches, and when his eyes met hers, they would waver sometimes.

This mysterious "she" caused me much anxiety; I dreamed of the intrusion of a strange woman into that domain, and I feared what she might do to it, though, at other times I had dreams of discovering his secret, and, with youthful heroism flinging myself at the feet of this beautiful unknown, supplicating successfully for him, and bringing her in triumph to his feet.

No clue was ever vouchsafed me; once I broke into the room and caught a snatch of conversation before either I or they realized that I was listening intently.

"Yes, poor girl," my aunt was concluding.

"Damn him . . . he's a devil . . . I . . ." and then the squire saw me

"Who's a devil, Mr. Ralston?" I asked.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

"The sweep because he's black," and Ralston laughed heartily with one eye on my aunt, who laughed, too, but less merrily than he.

I knew there was some mystery, but I probed no further. There were so many other joyous things to do. I loved to go with him when he took his double-barrelled gun to the moors. Not that he used many barrels; often he would seat himself on one of the grey stone walls, forgetting me, so that I could steal down to some merry little beck and peer into its depths for the marvels I had just read of in "The Water Babies," and peopling it with a whole host of creatures of my own imagining.

At other times he would requisition a shaggy pony for my use and let me canter beside his strong, bronze mare; and I knew the joy of feeling a living animal beneath me, doing my bidding, and bearing me as proudly as any prince.

He would pause to talk with farmers about the market or a broken fence, rein up in the village and take off his stiff, half-square bowler hat to some woman on her doorstep, to ask about her children or her husband; but his temper was quick, too, and I trembled once when he rated a waggoner for ill-using a team. The man was tall and ugly-looking; not a native of the immediate district, and, on that account, inclined to resent the squire's interference.

For a moment impending strife was in the air; then the man's gaze dropped before the fierceness of the other and the mumbled apology came forth. The squire rode on silently for a time; suddenly he turned in his saddle.

"Remember that, sonny," he said, "there's a lesson there"; then he galloped ahead.

At the local show the "gentry" were the special turn. They brought their hunters to canter round the ring, and leaped the temporary hurdles and fences erected while the country people crowded round and criticized keenly.

The appearance of Ralston always caused a buzz of talk to burst out. His heavy build; his strong, red face and his utter indifference to the crowd caused strangers to ask who he was. He galloped round four

THE SQUIRE

times; took the fences in an easy way that hid the skill he possessed. This done, he would draw aside; chat to neighbours; perhaps adjust the snaffle or bearing-strap of a lady's horse, and then trot away from the show; but I always noticed that children fought to open the gate for him, though the copper he flung was more than sufficient to leave none of the little mob unsatisfied.

Two old horse-pistols that he kept were my most precious playthings; with them I was pirate and highwayman, and all the thousand other selves that childhood can adopt so readily.

Once my aunt took them from me and locked them away; but it was not from me. The period was one of darkness and strange things. The squire came down to meals with eyes that saw us not; I noticed that he had not shaved and that his waistcoat was carelessly buttoned, his cravat awry. My aunt was like a gentle angel with him in those weeks.

Creeping into the library one day I found him with his head bowed on the table, and I went there to comfort him, for childish intuition told me this was some grief I did not understand. On his desk was a portrait of a girl; a girl with fresh, golden hair and cheeks rose-scarlet and unmarred—beside it was a photograph of a woman, a woman who looked older than my aunt, with sunken eyes and such sorrow in the face that it snatched at my non-understanding heart.

Only the words scrawled across the foot of both portrait and photograph gave me the clue which I understood later. "To John from Mary" on both—but on the latter photograph was added, "God bless you."

I crept out and left him alone, as he told me; closing the door very softly, and I saw my aunt glide like a shadow into the room I had left, and knew that all would be well, for her comfort was of the right kind.

He died soon after this, and I could never bear to go near the old house again, though I often see it in my dreams. Stout stone walls, warm rooms, adventurous corridors, and the scents and sounds that we carry out with us from childhood to age as a gauge to judge all other scents, sights, and scenes by. Pictures are all our lives are made of.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

The candle-light on the panelled oak of my bedroom there; his heavy tread creaking the uncarpeted oaken stair. The dining-room filled with merry company, odour of good food, warmth and the laughter of his friends. The stable-sniff in the yard, and the sound of the moorland wind, ceaseless, even in the summer, varying only in volume, wailing round the grey stones like a spirit of the hills.

This was where he tried to refill that part of his life which a woman had emptied, and where he watched over her through the offices of my aunt; for she married one of those men whose bright gaiety in youth often turns to brutish ill-temper before full manhood is reached, and he was cur enough to accept the money Ralston sent when he had compassed his own ruin. But the squire cared little for that if it eased the woman's lot; and by way of my aunt he reached her also so that her pride might not be hurt through knowledge of his charity. She knew in the end, for my aunt told her; that was when she sent the last picture of her broken self. A week later she died.

Nostalgia

By Sturge Moore

ALAS, O Hellas lorn and whist,
Statues on culminant crags of long
Nude promontories no more list
To islands glamorous with song !

Unmatchable Acropolis,
Thou blossom rooted in mean lanes
Of small plain homes, can aught that is
Console us for they shattered fanes?

Afar thy hardy frugal youth
That was—and dared—the heroic deed—
Thy mind on beauty fed, which truth
Could not confuse with her drugg'd mead !

Our hearts, like icebergs, drifting south,
Would strand where ruins are divine,
And, neighbour to a baked rock's drouth,
Lose form and substance, dreaming thine,

Dead land, still hugged by thy warm sea
Nymphless, unfauned, uncentauréd !
Only thy Sphinx still potently
Smiles when we ask her what she said !

“Says Sergeant Murphy”

By A. P. Garland

THE BATTLE OF THE SKIRTS

“WHICH kind of skirt do you prefer, Sam’t—the long or the short one?” asked Heddle.

“Ask me if I’m Oxford or Cambridge,” replied Sergeant Murphy. “What’s it to do with me?”

“I mean which do you think suit women best.”

“That depends on the leg. Some women’s legs, as Shakespeare said, ought to blush unseen. But until skirts was worn half-mast nobody could have guessed that there was such a lot of elegant legs waitin’ to be admired. And now that bus conductors have become hardened to the flauntin’ of fancy undherwear I can’t see anny sense in dhrapin’ women’s shins and ankles.”

• “It says here,” said Heddle, pointing to a newspaper, “that many women are refusing to adopt the new fashions from Paris.”

“I read that,” said the Sergeant, “and if it’s thrue, it’s wan of the biggest revolooshions since men threw off beards. It threatens the end of chick, which means that a shallow-lookin’ giggle-oh in Paris decided what parts of a Chicago woman or a Peruvian are to be sthressed be the cut of her clothes, without the woman havin’ a damned word to say in her own defence.

“It’s all come about this way. For the last ten years or so women’s dhresses have been consthucted on the easy graceful lines of a pair of dungarees. Hoisted over the shoulders they dhrop smartly into place be themselves—wan, two. And instead of bein’ plastered with gadgets and doodahs they’re plain as a brick wall. As a result, millions of women have been rollin’ their own, as you might say.

“But this didn’t suit the book of the French dhress-makers.

“‘We have been sanguinary fools, Alphonse, is it not?’ said wan to another. ‘We have let the English and the American mees with their revoltin’ simple styles dictate to us, My God! Why is it that a French chef gets the conthracontract wherever expensive eatin’ goes on? Just because, name of a dog, we’ve kept French cookin’ so complicated that it needs an expert to follow the

"SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY"

instructions laid down be Monsoor Beeton of Paris. Now supposin', instead of pullets surprise a la middle of next week or other dishes like that that we've wished on to a hungry world, we'd made rice puddin' the vogue, would French chefs have been dhrawin' ambassadhors' salaries all over the globe? Not by the full of a jug, my comrade. Rice puddin' could be made as well be the tweeny maid or the second gardener as be anybody. And that's what we've been doin' with frocks. We're lettin' the thrade slip out of our hands and la Belle France is losin' millions of good francs that Providence intended for us, is it not?

" 'So,' says he, 'to the guillotine with them skimpy short frocks. Let's upholsther women as we did twenty years ago, make them use three times as much cloth as they're usin' now and throw out fancy bays and wings to the skirts so that the amachoor dhressmaker is beaten before she starts. Then wance more will prosperity return to the City of Light and the rattle of cash registers dhrown the noise of irrigated gullets in the American bars, name of a pipe.'

" Judge their surprise and horror, Heddle, to find that lots of women are refusin' to obey ordhers and cloak their legs. They've been used to throttin' around with free knees and light skirts and they can't see how a constant sack race is goin' to make their skies bluer. The mathronly woman, built on town hall lines, may be glad to get back to the styles that disguise the amplenness of her frame, but what about the girl of twenty-wan or so who's never had a skirt below her knees? And the woman who be prayer and fastin', though mostly fastin', has got herself slim, is she goin' to be padded out with conthraptions to make her curvy so as to be able to wear the new styles?

" But the chief point is that the new dhresses make women look at least five years older, and I'm damned if I see their acceptin' that.

" So I'm backin' the short skirt, Heddle. Amanullah wanted to thrust the bowler hat on his loyal subjects and he's now out of a job. And the Queen of Fashion may soon find that she's thried her loyal subjects too hard."

The Theatre at the Cross Roads

By Horace Shipp

Illusion. By Jean-Jacques Bernard. (Everyman Theatre.)
Shaw Season. (Court Theatre.)

As we emerge from the pantomime season in the theatre and settle down in earnest to the year's work, we may pause to take stock of events and tendencies. The air has been full of the cries of the prophets assuring us that the Theatre as we have known it is dead, and that the all-triumphant Talkie is its murderer and legatee. It is true that the progress of this new form of amusement has made marvellous strides, that the whole commercial theatre must have felt its giant competition, that certain houses have "gone over" and others may follow in the near future; but when we turn to our stocktaking, we find that this competition bears hardest on the worst drama and on the music-halls. I am no advocate of the outworn; if in a mechanical age we can perfect a mechanical art which will give us all that the theatre of human beings can give, then let us accept it. As things stand, I hold that the art of the theatre and that of the sound-film are separate things, each with powers which cannot be interchangeable. As the sound-film emerges from the crudities which at present make any sensitively-minded person wince, we may look to it for a wonderful self-conscious artistry of its own; more fluid, more rhythmic than anything the theatre can give. Personally I see no reason, in face of an ever-increasing demand for entertainment, why the theatre, the silent film and the sound-film should not all develop along their own lines.

When I hear that a newly-erected theatre which has devoted its brief career to the most half-witted type of American musical comedy is being wired for the Talkies, I do not tremble for the art of the theatre. Had it succeeded as a legitimate theatre with such stuff as its fare, there would have been much more reason for concern by those of us who love the art of the theatre. As it is, London's longest run—Mr. Sherriff's *Journey's*

THEATRE

End—is an intellectual and very serious play; Shaw's *Apple Cart* is an obstinate success; the Shaw season at Court is an immediate success; *Jew Süss*, which is intelligent drama, is a success; *The First Mrs. Fraser*, depending upon qualities of wit and good acting, is a success. So the list goes on, despite the tremendous economic handicaps of the legitimate theatre, which still makes one pay something around ten shillings for a tolerable seat when the luxurious cinema houses provide one for about three.

I believe that the competition of the cinema will prove all to the good so far as the theatre is concerned. The herd mind which supported the worst drama is most likely to decamp into the cinema house. The cultured individualist will continue to demand the subtleties of speech, of acting and of writing which the minority theatre affords. Shaw may decide to write special work for the new form, but there will still be room for the performance of his theatre drama, with its dependence upon verbal acrobatics, as there will still be room for such acting and speech as Esme Percy can give. When I saw this actor in the enormous part of Tanner in the Don Juan scene of *Man and Superman* the whole audience rose spontaneously and cheered his brilliant rendering of the great speech. The spontaneity flashed from some dynamism between the living actor, the author's words and the audience, and I cannot imagine any such effect of the most perfect machine words.

Nor can I imagine the film attaining just the type of subtlety which the new play at the Everyman Theatre yields. It is essentially a work for a little theatre; intimate, demanding intelligence both of the players and the audience. M. Bernard is one of the French dramatists who are in revolt against the older type of French drama which made an ideal of the clear-cut and a sacrosanct tradition of dramatic emphasis. He exalts subtlety and half-tones, works in hints and significant silences. In this translation of *L'Invitation au Voyage* (it is a thousand pities that it was re-christened *Illusion*, for by indicating the motive of the play the dramatist's method is destroyed) we have a surprisingly fine work in this method. Its story of a woman in love with an

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

illusion of love, its method of revealing this by tiny touch after tiny touch, by suppressed comment and the evidence of "nerves," its opportunities for brilliant suggestive acting: these things are a delight to anyone who loves literature and is a connoisseur in theatre work. Whilst the Everyman Theatre produces such plays as this it is serving the art, and intelligent playgoers who love that art must watch its programmes.

M. Bernard's technique demands almost too much of his actors and actresses; perhaps he demands too much of his audience. Josephine Wilson, who plays the lead in this piece, gives a remarkable performance: we see her unspoken dreams as the author intends we should. The admirable cast also achieves the distinction of a child actor who does not madden one in the way which the precocious children of the stage so often do. We must watch the work of young Harold Reece. I hope that London playgoers will justify the faith of the Everyman management in putting this fare before them.

I believe that in the theatre there will be increasing room for this intimate literary drama as the more catch-penny popular stuff meets the competition of the sound-films. It is interesting that one of the very few silent-film houses in London which does not feel the competition of the Talkies is the Shaftesbury Avenue Pavilion, where they have always pursued a policy of presenting consciously artistic work. Nowhere in London is there a more mentally alive audience than in this silent-film house; it has created its reputation and its clientèle. The theatre which can pursue any such policy is the theatre which will survive amid the changes and chances of our time. The theatre which has tried to lower its intellectual standards to meet the mentality of the greatest number will find that the products of Hollywood have achieved a depth undreamed by the most vulgar. Alongside this the cinema, adding to itself sound, colour and stereoscopic illusion, will evolve an art form which will earn the suffrage of the intelligent minority; but it will be something entirely different from theatre art, and there is ample room for both. There is also room for the commercial theatre and cinema of popular amusement—but with these I am not concerned.

Books

HISTORY AND MEMOIRS.

ON BOARD THE EMMA: ADVENTURES WITH GARIBALDI'S "THOUSAND" IN ITALY. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Translated and with an Introduction by R. S. GARNETT. Bonn. 21s.

MR. GARNETT has made a charming discovery and presents it here for the delight of readers. His introduction points out that Dumas's hasty concoction of "*Les Garibaldiens*," 1861, begins with the arrival of his yacht the *Emma* at Genoa. But Dumas's MS., which Mr. Garnett owns, shows that only the historical portion was chosen for publication, and here we have the whole genesis and grandiose scheme of the voyage told with the author's inimitable verve. A Greek-built *Monte-Cristo* was changed for a Liverpool-built *Emma* and the genuine attraction of Garibaldi's cause to a lover of liberty ended the cruise. On the last page we find Dumas installed in a palazzo with liberty to hunt and make excavations. But before that, what fun he had made out of his changing plans, what variety of humanity he had noted, what pleasure he had found in old friends like Alphonse Karr, the visit to whom at Nice is particularly delightful!

We can laugh at Dumas occasionally as absurd in his expansive way; but we cannot fail to admire the generosity and kindness which remind us of his own Fouquet. Unexpected demands on his purse only meant working another hour a day with his indefatigable pen, and he submitted to remarkable exactions, such as a bill of 400 francs for stones to ballast his original vessel. The difficulties in sailing under the flag of Greece or Jerusalem led him to Marseilles, Genoa, and Rome, and at last to the purchase of the *Emma*. It was cheap, which was as well, since he lost 22,000 francs before he got rid of the *Monte-Cristo*. Then, at Marseilles, friends he had made through his books insisted on giving him ship lamps, a marble table, and a fine sabre. Dumas seems to have old friends everywhere and is always making new ones. Wine, perfumery, and haricot beans poured in gratis for the yacht, a tribute to the writer whose famous characters made fortunes for guides at Marseilles. Dumas himself was shown round the Château d'If and gave a boatman who discovered his name and refused to charge him a sou, a monstrous dinner and the best edition of his works. He says that, "to do good is simply and entirely a matter of temperament," and he belongs "to that class of imbeciles which does not know how to refuse." His belief in humanity is certainly delightful, and once arrived on the scene of action, he makes the most of the simple and homely Garibaldi. Some of the details he gives are not mentioned in Prof. Trevelyan's "*Garibaldi and the Thousand*," and there are odd discrepancies between the writer on the spot

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and the historian. But whether all be true or not, the adventures by land and sea are always spirited in the telling.

"Les Garibaldiens" is said to be a rare book to-day, and a recent inquirer for Dumas's excellent "Mémoires" found them out of print. Clearly France to-day thinks less of Dumas than England does.

V.R.

A MODERN HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, 1919-1922. By H. R. GRETTON. Secker. 12s. 6d.

THIS book is a continuation of the work published before the war in which Mr. Gretton dealt with English political and social history from 1880. As compared with the somewhat similar volumes of Mr. Cox Meech, it is noticeably more psychological, so that, especially during the war period, this is a record of moods as much as of events. It is severely impartial, sometimes, as in the case of the militant suffragist agitation, almost wearisomely balanced, but we seem to discern in the earlier pre-war chapters a certain sympathy with Liberalism. Very few sources are mentioned, but we should imagine that the writer has read a good many. A high level of accuracy is maintained, and there is a tolerably adequate index.

The four years preceding the war, covered in as many chapters, are described as "four militant years" and are noted as marked by constant violence. This phenomenon is illustrated by the history of the political struggle with the House of Lords over the Lloyd George Budget and the Parliament Bill, the suffragette agitation, the resistance of Ulster to Home Rule, and the increasing disputes between Capital and Labour. The author seems to approve of the Parliament Act, though admitting that it might be regarded by "strict thinking" as hasty and muddleheaded. A good deal of space is devoted to insurance legislation. A contrast is drawn between English and German royalties to the advantage, of course, of the former, but the decay of our aristocracy is found in the character of the new illustrated press. Four chapters are dedicated to the War Years, in which many phases of the public mind are discerned, the last, a kind of mechanical efficiency totally devoid of enthusiasm, being described with special vividness. The final chapters treat of the difficulties of demobilization and the disillusionment and muddle that followed the peace and accompanied attempts at reconstruction with painful fidelity.

THE THIRD MARY STUART. By MARJORIE BOWEN. The Bodley Head. 18s.

MARJORIE BOWEN, as her sub-title "A Character Study with Memoirs and Letters," implies, has treated her subject personally

BOOKS

rather than as an historical figure. But by eschewing her usually picturesque methods and allowing her to tell her own story, she has made the most of a not very promising theme. The letters signed "Mary Clorine," which deal with the childhood of James II.'s elder daughter, are not very illuminating; but the fragmentary memoirs which William III's wife penned at various times and her correspondence with him are, on the contrary, full of personality. It is curious that, though her marriage at fifteen was a purely political bargain in which she was not consulted, it should have resulted in a strong personal attachment, passionate at least on the woman's side; and that the young wife's life in Holland, whither she went with such strong reluctance should have been the happiest period of her life, is still stranger. To what extent her passion was reciprocated, and the precise relation between William of Orange and Elizabeth Villiers, the author finds it impossible to decide; but the wife's correspondence and extant writings contain no definite complaint against the reputed mistress, and there is ample evidence of the husband's poignant grief at the premature death of his consort. These documents display a deeply religious woman, painfully concerned about the danger to her husband's life in his campaigns and constantly dreading the possibility that either father or husband should die fighting one another, and a regent beset with the difficulties of her own position, surrounded by intrigue and distrusted councils. Many will be struck with the resemblance to her Tudor namesake in the tragedy of childlessness, and to some extent also in the attitude of the nation towards their foreign husbands, as well as by their religious zeal. The book is handsomely illustrated.

GREAT WRITERS OF ROME. By R. S. CONWAY. Benn. 6d.

THIS short sketch is well worth attention, for it is the work of a ripe scholar who has done much for the classics. We are glad to gather that some of the matter of the lectures is actually available on the gramophone. On Vergil, as might be expected, Dr. Conway is particularly good, and his summary of the significance of Dido and Æneas is masterly. In the ancient world the happiness of an individual counted little against the welfare of the community. The impersonal quality of Cæsar's writing is noted and he himself is regarded as an enigma, "never understood by his own relatives or friends, and detested as heartless by his enemies." It is only fair, however, to add that he could show unusual generosity. His answer to Cicero's message of gratitude for his treatment of political enemies at the surrender of Corfinium included what Macaulay calls "the finest sentence ever written."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Cæsar was not disturbed at the thought that those he had let go might live to make war against him again; "for there is nothing I covet so much as that I should be like myself and they themselves."

GOODBYE TO ALL THAT! AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By ROBERT GRAVES.
CAPE. 10s. 6d.

THIS book is one of the successes of the season, and rightly so, for it is admirably vivid, and every page holds something expressed in the modern intransigent style which balks at nothing. The author's family have, as he says, for two hundred years written "easy showing-off witty stuff," but this is the unpromising record of a mind largely embittered by a bad time at Charterhouse, the trials of war, and that "eternal want of pence" naturally attending the artist who does not consider sales first. At his private school in Sussex, Mr. Graves was at his ease and happy. The rest of the story is a ceaseless conflict, showing faults of temper, but always an excellent spirit. Many of Mr. Graves's comments are like a breath of fresh air crossing the heavy atmosphere of official humbug and fashionable reticence. His criticisms are worth attention, though at the end he disclaims them all, as a man who has grown beyond them. The account of Charterhouse is not a credit to the school customs and manners, and the relaxations of Oxford for officers make excellent reading. Thomas Hardy appears as we knew him, more inclined to easy sociability than to universal pessimism. Mr. Graves has got past keeping a shop, doing literary reviewing and acting as Professor in Egypt, and he does not seem to have fitted in anywhere. We hope he may find some ease and leisure in the future, in order to give fair play to his talents and to take a kinder view of a world which many of us find irritating.

FICTION.

THE LACQUER LADY. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THE preface tells us that the plot, a curious romance of secret history, was handed over to the author by another. It concerns the circumstances which led the British power to intervene in Upper Burma and dethrone the ruling king, who was under French influence and had committed many outrages. This happened not for the reasons alleged, but because Fanny, the little "lacquer lady," determined to revenge herself on the French captain who left her only to return with a young French wife. Fanny is of mixed blood, English, Italian, and Burmese, and we first meet her at a school in Brighton, whither she goes to Burma with one of her school friends, whose career of mis-

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sionary work and marriage to a clergyman is contrasted with her own. Fanny becomes the spoilt pet of the queen who rules the new King, and the story is worked out admirably, so far as incident and character are concerned. But the author, having secured the aid of experts for her detail, goes near immolating herself and the reader on the altar of local colour. The sensuous charm and glitter of Rangoon are very well rendered and passages of real beauty celebrate the Oriental scene. But court ceremonies, as in Scott's "Count Robert of Paris," grow tedious in their detail. The ceremonial head-washings on marriage include :

Muddy water, charmed water, holy water, well water, water from a creek, water from a canal, river water for the bath, all stored in smooth, gilded pots wrapped in thin red cloth and placed upon stands of red lacquer.

We get also a full description of the heavy English fashions of the 'eighties. These may appeal to feminine readers, while men may be more interested in the account of the English political ways of the time, which were largely, as usual, a mixture of indifference and procrastination.

HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED. By EDITH WHARTON. Appleton. 7s. 6d.

BEGINNING this book we feared we were once again to be submerged in the Philistinism and crude pretentiousness of backward America, of which we have read enough of late. But it is the realtor's son in Euphoria, Illinois, not himself, who is the hero, and the young man, having got apparently nothing out of a college course in the way of reading, insists on taking up writing. In New York he gets on to a literary paper and produces one notable novel, but he is parted from the woman who helped him to inspiration in an old house, and takes up hastily with a pretty young thing who is no more competent than Copperfield's Dora. However, his real affinity is deeply concerned with his literary fortunes and they can correct their marital mistakes at the end.

Mrs. Wharton's story is a little long, but includes many effective episodes. She is always master of her material and deeply and wittily learned in human nature. The literary discussions she introduces show up the rapidly changing and ill-founded judgments of to-day and the people clever enough to adopt the opinions of others. Of the female giver of a big prize for a short story the heroine says :

You see, she's not an actual person ; she's a symptom. That's what Frenny [a disappointed critic] and I call the people who are everything in turn. They catch things from another kind that we call germ-carriers ; people who get every new literary and artistic disease and hand it on.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

She is frank about the efforts to push the hero into the prize :

If that's the way literature is produced, it had better cease altogether. If it has to be shoved down people's throats like beauty products and patent collar-buttons, it shows our people don't really want it; that's all.

The after-war welter in literature seems hopelessly unstable, but the specimens of the sort of religion which is boomed in lectures are even more shallow.

ITALIAN ART.

THE ITALIAN MASTERS: A SURVEY AND GUIDE. By HORACE SHIPP, with 32 illustrations. Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.

At first blush it would seem to be impossible to tell the story of the great Italian masters of painting in a comparatively small book. They were so numerous, and their achievements were so many and so various, that 200 pages devoted to them might well turn out to be a catalogue of names and dates, suitably annotated. Mr. Shipp's book has remarkably well circumvented anything so disastrous. The present reviewer, claiming no more than an intelligent cultured person's knowledge of art, has read this "survey and guide" as if it were a continuous narrative with a beginning, a development, and a conclusion; and found it absorbing. The book is arranged systematically, with the names of the artists and their dates isolated on the left-hand side of the pages; but the reader need not imagine from this that it is designed solely as a work of reference. It is that and much more than that. It is the story of the great periods of Italian art, told briefly but with the necessary stressing of the more important characteristics. After a prologue in Byzantium, Mr. Shipp passes on to consider the schools of Siena, Florence, Umbria, Milan, the Northern cities, Venice, Bologna and Naples, singling out the most famous names for extended consideration, but by no means ignoring the lesser men. We would suggest that visitors to the exhibition at Burlington House should first read this book, which will give them not only the material information they need, but will also create in their minds the historical background so necessary for the just appreciation of any work of art.

Mr. Shipp does not advance any revolutionary theories, nor attempt any outstanding revaluations. He has his preferences, but for the most part he is content to accept the verdict of the ages and provide the reasons for doing so. Occasionally—as in the case of Lorenzo Monaco, the master of the more famous Fra Angelico—he claims greater virtues than some historians have allowed, and at other times his estimate is less generous than it might be (his belittlement of Lorenzo di Credi does not please the present scribe!); but on the whole his watchword has been conservatism, as, in a handbook of this kind, it ought to be. Wisely

BOOKS

he has made copious references to pictures in our own National Gallery, so that, when the glories of the present exhibition have passed from our shores, we shall have many of the original works by which to check his enthusiasm. The 32 good illustrations and the ingenious chart of the Renaissance provided by Miss Kendrick add value to a book which could not have been more aptly timed.

ANTHOLOGIES.

THE ARCHER'S CHRONICLE AND GREENWOOD COMPANION. Edited by KENNETH HARE. Williams and Norgate. 15s.

THIS is a very pretty anthology, choicely illustrated, and Mr. Hare has wisely allowed himself to wander into the greenwood where Robin Hood flourished. Old ballads, old chroniclers and regulations supply good and varied reading. The archers were the mainstay of England's battle forces in famous fights like Agincourt, and Henry VIII ordained that no man who had reached the age of twenty-four should shoot at a mark less than 220 yards away. Mr. Hare can point in his elegant Preface to the excellent literature archery has produced, and very sensibly he has supplied explanations of old words the average reader will not understand. He has added a letter to the name of the founder of Harrow School, John Lyon, and does not consider the rival merits of the cross bow and the long bow. There is more to be said for the former than Sir Thomas Eyot in the passage cited admits. Walter Scott wrote of the "arbalest or cross bow" in "Count Robert of Paris":

It is not drawn with the right hand, like the bow of other nations, but by placing the feet before the weapon itself, and pulling with the whole force of the body; and it despatches arrows, called bolts, of hard wood pointed with iron, which the strength of the bow can send through the strongest breast-plates . . .

Johnson in his "Dictionary," 1785, quotes a passage likening testimony to the shot of a long bow, depending on the force of the shooter; and argument to that of the cross-bow, "equally forcible whether discharged by a giant or a dwarf." Mr. Hare includes scraps like Horace's *Neque semper arcum*, and might easily have added to this section. We think of Philoctetes, formidable only as possessing the great bow of Heracles, and complaining,

Taking my bow, thou hast robbed me of my life.

What could be finer than the imagery of an Elizabethan seaman reported by Froude from the Record Office? He offered to sink the Spanish fishing fleet, but the Queen must decide quickly to give him the means to do it:

Time flies and will not return. The wings of man's life are plucked with the feathers of death.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

These, however, are extras. The main subject is well covered, both in verse and prose.

THE SOLDIERS' WAR: A PROSE ANTHOLOGY. Edited with an Introduction and Glossary by JOHN BROPHY. Dent. 6s.

AN anthology is a collection of flowers, and the first question one may ask is: Do we want the "blood-red blossom of war" made into a posy? The reply is that some good literature has been produced which is worth collecting in samples of reasonable length. But it is too much a literature of exasperation, as if the whole business was madness and every responsible authority a sheer fool. No doubt the sentimentality of the cheap war Press was annoying, but it did not represent the feelings or knowledge of the English people.

This much said, we can admire, from its limited point of view, much of the writing Mr. Brophy has collected from foreign as well as native sources. We get the death of Grischa, but the charm of the book was the abundant romance it added to the sordid side of war. The "Glossary" at the end is a very sensible idea, for much that was current in war-time may fade out of the language in a few years.

LITERARY STUDIES.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE: Third Series. By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

THE studies here printed are, in general, more like loose, animated talk than academic discourses. They stimulate (which is the best thing lectures can do) by their freedom, and a digression may be as important as the comments on the main subject. The Professor views literature as a classical scholar, insisting on Aristotle's "Poetics," as a creative artist in prose himself, and as a man concerned with humanity and human problems. In his account of the English Tripos he is rightly proud of the freedom enjoyed by examinees. They can even send in, to improve their position, a sample of what they can write at leisure on any subject of their own choice. Sometimes, as in the lectures on "the English Elegy," we wish the argument had gone a little further. Gray's Elegy, simple as it may seem, is, in fact, a mass of classic reminiscence in its phrasing. No elegy which betrays genuine feeling can be expected to be written immediately after the loss it commemorates, because sorrow, like joy, is in its first outbursts frankly repetitive. Two less known figures are happily revived in Dorothy Wordsworth and Longinus, while the crowd who follow Gilbert and Sullivan may find some pointed criticism of the former, a hard man neatly rebuked by his favourite actress.

BOOKS

He needed the music of Sullivan, perfect for its purpose, to show up rather than blot out his wit. But the suggestion to Thackeray to have a piano for his lectures does not belong to Venables. It came from Arcedeckne, a gentleman vexed by being pilloried as Foker. The study of Shakespeare's comedies remarks acutely that "there is, in our day, a snobbery that adulates the mob and cringes to it, as another worships and cringes to titles." The volume is a little careless in detail, which might be attended to in a re-issue.

NOTES ON ENGLISH VERSE SATIRE. By HUMBERT WOLFE. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

"I HAVE multiplied visions and used similitudes," said the prophet Hosea. Mr. Wolfe takes the same liberty, which tends to obscurity. His book is full of clever sayings and allusions which the ordinary reader will not understand, epigrams which save the trouble of deliberate judgment, and statements which hardly show clear thinking. It is only, however, "Notes" after all, and parts of it are quite attractive. Mr. Wolfe has an affected style, but he has wit as well. He maintains against some good scholars the sincerity of Juvenal, but when he says of the Roman Empire, "There was no faith to sustain men; the doctrines of Cato died with the Republic," he calmly ignores Stoicism. He goes on to consider Anatole France and Don Quixote, works not English and hardly pertinent if "verse is the supremely notable instrument for satire." At any rate, verse, not prose or Victorian poets, is stated to be the subject of the book.

The remarks on Dryden are good, but the discussion whether Pope was a poet or not has not much to do with his undoubted rank as a satirist. We happen to be admirers of Lander ourselves, but why quote lines on Catullus and Dickens which are not satirical at all and miss his pungent description of the duties of the Poet Laureate? Mr. Wolfe follows the fashion in deriding Mr. Kipling and the serious Victorians. He has not discovered the fierce Socialist invective of Robert Brough:

'Tis a curse to the land, deny it who can,
That self-same boast, I'm a gentleman.

"The Pursuits of Literature," eighth edition in 1798, is now terribly dull, but it was once a best-seller. Certainly we cannot suppose that poetry "has reached, or is reaching, a point of creative fulness that will not abide the lesser impulse of satire," though we are not altogether sure what the remark means. Shakespeare himself was derided by Greene and his repute survives.

The heroic couplet remains a great weapon for those who can use it. The world needs and deserves a great satirist in verse.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

But when Mr. Wolfe adds, "Who (or what) else fights or can fight for us?" he appears to ignore the whole range of prose criticism. Are there not reviewers of the world and everything else? Can they not say what they think and risk the disapproval of those who practise a slick reticence? The Jews have, it is true, attracted a good deal of attention; but there are others. The proof-reading has been very careless.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

THE VOYAGES OF THE CABOTS AND THE ENGLISH DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA UNDER HENRY VII. AND HENRY VIII. By JAMES A. WILLIAMSON. With 13 Maps. The Argonaut Press. 38s.

THE Argonaut Press, which recently gave us a fine Marco Polo, maintains its high standard in format and research in this volume. Here, however, the problems to be solved are not details in a familiar narrative of land travel, but the process of detective deduction has to be applied everywhere to scanty records, often in foreign languages, and the lives of the explorers themselves are wrapped in mystery. Where and when was John Cabot born? How far was he a pioneer and where did he really get to? Are the extant maps approximately correct as records of what was known? Such questions have perpetually to be faced. The whole history of the discovery of America is obscure, and we cannot wonder at that, since the few details which seem certain are confusing and the available documents are often of the hearsay sort.

No major narrative by an explorer exists, but here we find a complete collection of the texts and MSS concerning the English voyages from 1497 to 1536 and some of them were only recently discovered. John Cabot first appears as naturalized at Venice after fifteen years' residence, but the suggestion by a competent scholar that he was of English origin has no known text to back it. The claim for a Genoese origin, as the editor says, is to be preferred. The first English letters patent granted to him and his three sons belong to 1496, and a Bristol chronicle says that he found America in the *Matthew* in 1497. Bristol merchants were on board, possibly in a leading position, and one question is whether a previous Bristol claim of 1494 is valid. Cabot's second voyage of 1498 is much disputed, though it was evidently a failure, and we do not know if he survived it or how long he lived after it. His pension of £20 a year does not seem generous.

Sebastian Cabot's search for the North-West Passage is decidedly uncertain. From what we know of him he has not a good reputation as a truth teller, but the editor thinks that he passed through Hudson's Strait and saw Hudson's Bay, which

BOOKS

he took to be the Pacific. The aims of these explorers seem so wild to-day that they have to be read to be realized.

All the conflicting sources throughout are examined with remarkable ability and the idea that foreign maps can be propaganda, claiming and sometimes enlarging rights of discovery, is particularly valuable. Dr. Williamson's solutions of the various mysteries are likely to hold the field until something is found which definitely upsets them, and even then those who know the easy ways of the chroniclers of the time may doubt. Accurate geography was not attained or even sought at the period. Newfoundland was reached annually by fishing fleets from the early years of the sixteenth century but only definitely recognized as an island at the end of it.

ALBANIA : THE RISE OF A KINGDOM. By J. SWIRE, F.R.G.S. Williams and Norgate. 30s.

ALTHOUGH the Albanians possess a history and traditions extending over many years, from the modern standpoint their principal importance belongs to the last half century—that is, approximately, the period which has elapsed since the signature of the Treaty of Berlin. During that time this warlike, turbulent, honourable people have struggled for the establishment of an autonomy and they have been largely, if indirectly, answerable for the downfall of Abdul Hamid and the practical disappearance of the Ottoman Empire in Europe. Equally well and equally important, the creation of the independent Principality in 1912-13 was responsible for some of the international complications which occurred at the time of the Balkan Wars, and the status and frontiers of the present Kingdom have occupied widespread attention since the world war. The whole situation connected with the Adriatic and the conditions in Albania are still some of the most important problems of the moment.

In his book Mr. Swire sets out to summarize the history of the developments, which culminated in King Zog's proclamation of himself as King of the Albanians on September 1, 1928. In so doing he attempts an extremely difficult task because, if the area and number of people are limited, the necessary research has obviously been enormous. Many of the subjects under discussion are very controversial and a great deal of the so-called information available is highly untrustworthy. Nevertheless, on the whole, Mr. Swire has accomplished a very useful piece of work and this, largely, because he is the first to recognize his own shortcomings and limitations. For example, he makes no attempt to lay down the law and he resorts freely to other works dealing with a subject upon which his own is now the best and the most up-to-date.

The text deals with four more or less distinct historical

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

phases. It includes a useful account of the events which took place during the Turkish domination, the earlier independence of the country and the short regime of Prince William of Wied, a great deal about the war developments on the East of the Adriatic, and a mass of information concerning the last ten years. Thus, whilst the book is somewhat clumsy in size and voluminous in its contents, it is difficult to see how Mr. Swire could have adequately done with less words.

"Albania—the Rise of a Kingdom," is a students' rather than an everyday guide, and it must be referred to by those who want comprehensive information about the country. Indeed, if any criticisms are due, they concern principally two aspects of the volume. It is difficult to read with pleasure because the text is over-loaded with index letters showing its sources of information. And then, if Albania is not able yet to stand alone and Italy is undoubtedly her best and most suitable friend, the author seems to look with almost undue favour upon anything which has been, or is being, done by that country in the East of the Adriatic.

GENERAL.

CÆSAR REMEMBERS. By W. KEAN SEYMOUR. Gollancz. 6s.

MR. KEAN SEYMOUR's preoccupations with other people's works as parodist and anthologist have tended to obscure his own claim as a lyric poet; and his new volume is the more welcome in that it re-establishes that claim. His charm lies in his power to evoke colourful images, to build up decorative arabesques of words which have in themselves a kind of sensuous magic. Sometimes in his Eastern pieces this quality is almost overpowering, so that we long for a breath of reality, and, as though aware of this, Mr. Seymour makes an occasional sally into the realistic modern. But his true métier lies somewhere between the somnolent metres of his Oriental dreams and cynical vers-librist modernity. In the clearly defined poem which gives its title to the book he is at his best. There is an exquisite economy when a verse form is holding him in; and some of the sonnets, the shorter lyrics, and this picture of Cæsar in England, dreaming of Rome, demonstrate his power. Dreams, beauty, colour are Mr. Seymour's elements. Occasionally he fails through excess of them, and if he departs from them, he fails too. But, since in practically every poem in this volume he has been faithful to them, the result is a charming little temple of words built with sound, traditional craftsmanship.